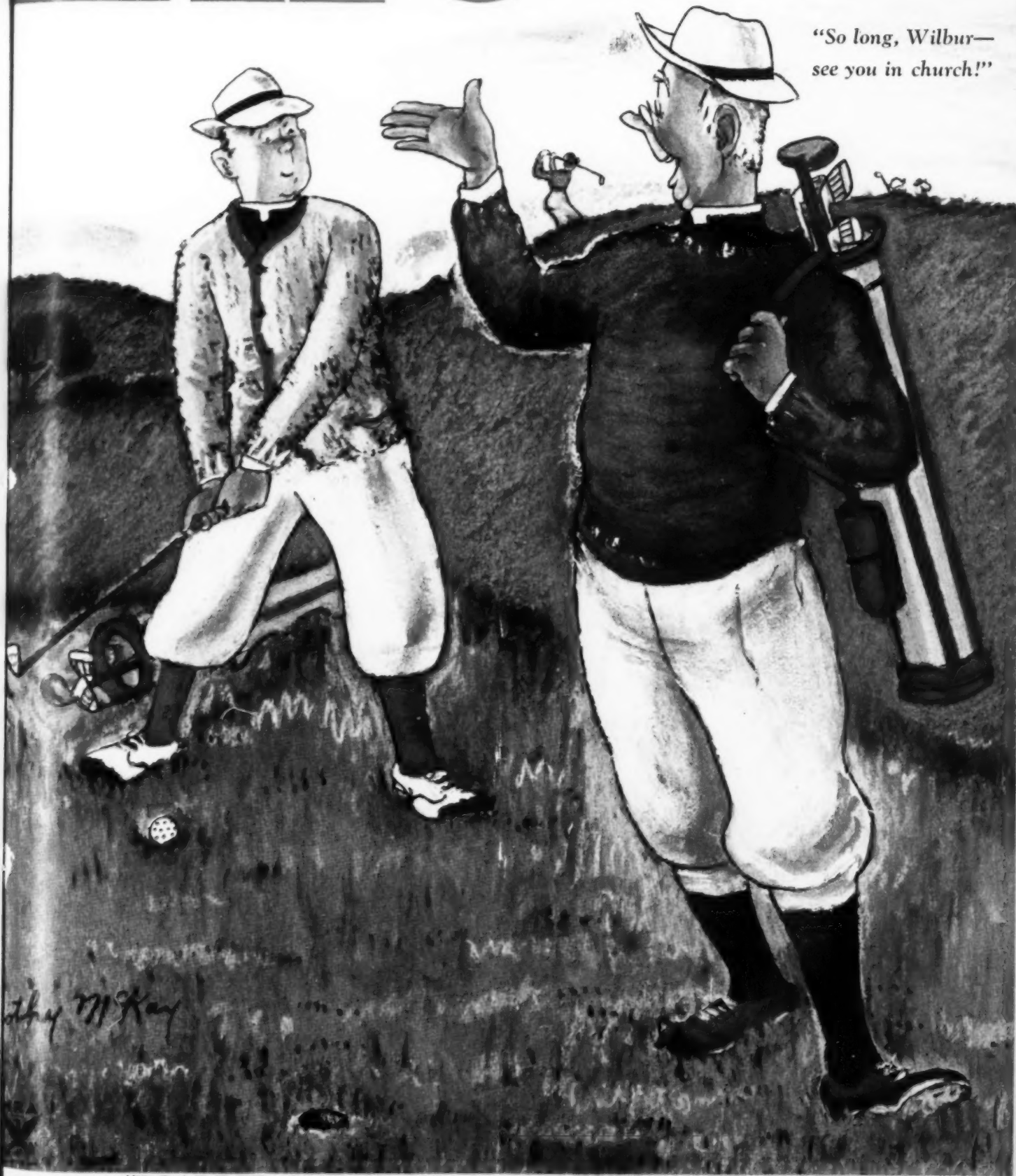


Life

JULY
15 CENTS
IN CANADA 20¢



"So long, Wilbur—
see you in church!"



"BOARDER OUT OF CHAOS" By WEARE HOLBROOK



These two are protected by the matchless safety of the Double Eagle because husband and father rates their security far above tire price

BETTER THAN NECESSITY DEMANDS

Times were flush when the first Double Eagle Tire was built—its specifications took no heed of cost of materials or labor. But it stood forth then as it stands forth now, head and shoulders above any standard product—indubitably the Tire of Tires! Not so many can afford it now, but those who can will have no other, and gladly pay premium for its superlative comfort and safety. Admittedly the Double Eagle is extravagant for any normal use, yet it still sells readily to those whose instinct is for something better and safer than mere necessity demands.



Oasis



For tall, cool drinks
on long, hot days—mix with
DIXIE BELLE dry GIN. It has the pleasant,
aromatic flavor that comes from controlled distil-
lation—with a subtle bouquet that adds delicious
fragrance to cooling rickeys, fizzes and cocktails.
Other Continental products: Diplomat Straight Bourbon
and Rittenhouse Square Straight Rye Whiskies, Envoy
Club, Snug Harbor and Sweep Stakes Whiskies
and Cavalier Distilled Dry Gin.

DIXIE BELLE DISTILLED *dry* **GIN**

Distilled by CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION PHILA.

This advertisement is not intended to offer this product for sale or delivery in any state or community wherein the advertising, sale or use thereof is unlawful.

"I had a severe case of ATHLETE'S FOOT

**Absorbine Jr. saved
the day for me"**

[Quoted from an actual letter in our files, from a minister, the original of which will be shown upon request]



Posed by professional model

IF you could only read the hundreds of grateful letters in our files from people who have suffered, there'd be no doubt in your mind as to what remedy you'd use to clear up a case of Athlete's Foot.

You may not be the person we're talking to, and then again you might be—"it is probable that more than half the adult population suffers from it at some time," the U. S. Public Health Service has reported.

But dispel all doubt. Examine the flesh between your toes. Does it itch? Is it red, angry? Or white with stickiness? Blisters? Peeling, cracked, sore?

Apply this Inexpensive Treatment

If your feet perspire, play safe and examine your toes for the danger signals. At the slightest sign of infection, begin the immediate application of cooling, soothing Absorbine Jr. morning and night. Because of its superior ability to kill the fungi, a sufficient quantity of Absorbine Jr. for each application costs only a fraction of a cent.

When you buy, accept nothing but the real Absorbine Jr. All drug stores, \$1.25. For free sample, write W. F. Young, Inc., 362 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Bldg., Montreal.

ABSORBINE JR.

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions, SUNBURN

Life

JULY : 1934

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Dorothy McKay

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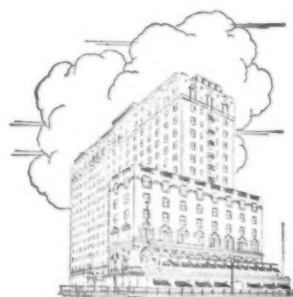
"Oh—now I recognize you,
Miss Sedgwick."

NOW OPEN for the Season

Another brilliant vacation season is in full swing at the Ritz-Carlton in Atlantic City.

As always, the Ritz-Carlton offers you its grand tradition of superior service, excellent cuisine and utmost luxury, combined with the finest features of this famous seashore playground.

Every room has private bath. Ocean bathing direct from your room, with a private elevator to the beach. Room rates are moderate—\$5 and up for one person, \$8 and up for two, European plan. Reduced weekly and monthly rates upon application.



THE RITZ-CARLTON ATLANTIC CITY

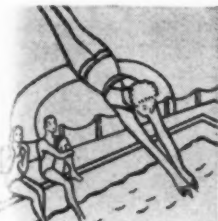
On the Boardwalk at Iowa Avenue



National Hotel Management Co., Inc., Ralph Hitz, President · Hotel New Yorker and Lexington, New York; Netherland Plaza, Cincinnati; Book-Cadillac, Detroit; and Van Cleve, Dayton



For your "short-game"—a
Tricky Pitch-and-Putt
Course.



An Open-Air pool and Sun-
bath Beach offer the sports of
the seashore.

**KFI-NBC
COAST
NETWORK
11 to 11:30
NIGHTLY**



The Los Angeles
AMBASSADOR



For the kiddies—a wealth
of outdoor fun equipment.



Tennis for the coming Til-
dens and Willses—and for
those who just play.



More than thirty of the
most intriguing shops—to
tempt and amuse.

This **SUMMER**

AND Next **WINTER**

A 22 Acre Playground

IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

WITH THE IDEAL YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

† Here indeed is a hotel and recreational center truly amazing in its varied vacation appeal. Without stepping from the grounds, the guest finds rolling, velvet fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course. Tennis Courts and Archery. Pergola walks and shady nooks. Above all, the new

"AMBASSADOR LIDO"

with a generous sand beach circling an open-air plunge—an al fresco garden cafe with bright colored birds and pets. Indoors—a "talkie" theatre; doctors; a dentist; a post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely re-decorated rooms and suites. The merriest of night life at the world-famous

What Guests Have Said:

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

"COCOANUT GROVE"

All within a few minutes of Los Angeles' and Hollywood's theatrical, business and shopping centers. Wide boulevards stretch from the Ambassador to ocean, mountain and desert. All the delights of this great play-center heightened by kindly and sincere service at moderate rates.

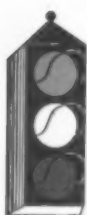
KINDLY WRITE FOR NEW ROOM
AND RESTAURANT TARIFFS



The **LOS ANGELES
AMBASSADOR**

Dancing nightly at the world famous
COCOANUT GROVE

Managed by BEN L. FRANK with the cooperation
of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees



"STOP & GO" SERVICE

A Symposium of Criticism

by Don Herold, Harry Evans, and Kyle Crichton

DRAMA

(Some of these shows may be closed by now, and others may have opened since we went to press. Consult your newspaper.)

- **As Thousands Cheer.** Crack revue which takes rifle shots at American foibles, as the Ziegfeld Follies started out to do years ago until they got sidetracked on girls. You can now get a ticket without intercession by Gen. Johnson. *Music Box, W. 45th.*
- **Dodsworth.** That dependable old firehorse, Walter Huston, saving a rather choppy version of the Sinclair Lewis book about an automobile manufacturer whose wife doesn't want to be her age. *Shubert, W. 44th.*
- **Invitation to a Murder.** Better accept; it's the best current melodrama. What four generations of concentrated California sunshine will do to bring out homicidal tendencies in a fine old native family. *Masque, W. 45th.*
- **Jig Saw.** The Theatre Guild kicks up its heels in a giddy and pretty enjoyable comedy (with Ernest Truex) of life in the pent-house-o-sphere. *Ethel Barrymore, W. 47th.*
- **Mary of Scotland.** A costume drama, not in the least soporific. With Margalo Gillmore pinch-hitting for Helen Hayes who has gone back temporarily to cinemamanufacturing in Hollywood. *Alvin, W. 52nd.*
- **Men in White.** The winnah! Pulitzer Prize baby concerning the love life of a hospital interne who doesn't know his birth control. Owes something to *Arrowsmith* and a bit to Lincoln J. Carter, but a great show, withal—though we personally would have given the Prize to *Ab, Wilderness!* *Broadhurst, W. 44th.*
- **Moor Born.** Dark brown drama of the gloomy Brontë family. No laughs. Compelling performance by Helen Gahan as Emily. *Playhouse, E. 48th.*
- **New Faces.** Nancy Hamilton and lots of other capable younguns in a revue that is as fresh as a daisy. *Fulton, W. 46th.*
- **No More Ladies.** Lucile Watson as a smart grandma who knits and cusses deliciously as the new generation gets its sex life unsnarled. *Morosco, W. 45th.*
- **Roberta.** Musical comedy love yarn of a football hero who inherits a Paris gown shop full of gals who wear swell clothes and sing Jerome Kern songs. *New Amsterdam, W. 42nd.*
- **Sailor, Beware!** We got off on the yellow light on this one about the extra curricula activities of Our Navy, and haven't had time to go back and

see why everybody says we should be green. *Lyceum, E. 45th.*

- **She Loves Me Not.** A nightclub nudie turns a Princeton dorm into a nut house. *46th St. Theatre.*
- **Stevedore.** Raw meat propaganda play in behalf of kindness to negroes. Strong business, with excellent negro actors. *Civic Repertory, W. 14th.*
- **The Milky Way.** Delightful delirium, with Hugh O'Connell as a spectacled milkman who is shanghaied into a career as a heavyweight champ. *Cort, E. 48th.*
- **Tobacco Road.** Henry Hull's masterly characterization of a stinking old Georgia lecher and loafer. *48th St. Theatre.*
- **Ziegfeld Follies.** Fannie Brice and Willie Howard in the best Follies that anybody could have done except Mr. Ziegfeld himself, who is now among the angels—which must not seem so very different to him. *Winter Garden, B'way and 50th.*

• • •

MOVIES

[Pictures marked (X) not suitable for children.]

- **Beyond Bengal.** Another Malayan animal film. The yellow is for effort. Compared with other recent jungle pictures it is red. Some interesting shots of wild life, but the attempts to add drama and romance are strictly hokey.
- **Change of Heart** (Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell)—Poor Janet. After giving her a couple of adult stories, she and Charlie are saddled with another of those young-love things that stew in their own saccharine.
- **Cheaters** (Bill Boyd, Dorothy MacKaill)—The producers left themselves open to a crack when they picked out that title. One of the worst.
- **Double Door** (X) (Mary Morris, Evalyn Venable, Kent Taylor, Sir Guy Standing)—Vindictive spinster, resenting brother's marriage, persecutes the girl until she almost loses her mind, then locks her in a vault and leaves her to die. Cute? Weakened by over-acting and poor photography.
- **Drums O'Voodoo** (Laura Bowman, Morris McKinney)—Venture in an all-colored drama, and a flop due to poor direction and cheap production. McKinney's performance deserves a notice.
- **Glamour** (Paul Lukas, Constance Cummings, Philip Reed)—Superior acting, directing, and writing in one of those stories about a gal who be-

lieves she must "live" in order to become a great actress. Cummings-Lukas team swell—and watch this Reed.

- **Hitler's Reign of Terror** (Narrated by Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., Edwin C. Hill, and a guy who was borrowed along with some newsreel shots)—Other than a few close-ups of Hitler, Dolfuss, von Hindenburg, and other principals, the action offers very little you haven't seen in newsreels. And the dramatic build-up, with Hill phoning to Vanderbilt in Germany, is pretty silly.
- **Journal of a Crime** (X) (Ruth Chatterton, Adolphe Menjou, Claire Dodd)—Woman kills her husband's mistress, and then goes on living with him. Driven to distraction by her conscience she is about to confess the deed when an accident robs her of memory, providing a happy finish, with the husband tenderly accepting his new responsibility. Miss Chatterton's work compares favorably with her *Madame X*, which means it's the best thing she has done in a very long while.
- **Laughing Boy** (X) (Ramon Novarro, Lupe Velez)—Despite the censors' objections, Metro-Goldwyn insisted on making a film of the Oliver LaFarge Pulitzer Prize novel of 1929. Indian boy marries a gal who cheats with a white lover. Discovering the infidelity, Laughing Boy takes a shot at the lover, but hits the wife. Making the 1,816th person in the movies who has hit the wrong target. Racial moral angles probably made the bluenoses work their scissors overtime, weakening the original LaFarge idea. Novarro's accent is as bad as anybody would know it would be, if they gave it a moment's thought. Miss Velez makes a good show, and steals every scene they put within reach.
- **Manhattan Melodrama** (X) (Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell)—Two boyhood pals are orphaned by the Slocum disaster. Clark grows up to become an ace gangster—William the District Attorney. You guessed it. The D. A. convicts his friend of first-degree murder. Due to his handling of this case, the D. A. is elected Governor. Then the discovery that Clark committed the murder to protect his reputation during the election. Romantic angle is love of both men for Myrna. I am so sick of seeing gangsters glorified that maybe I'm getting touchy; otherwise the production and performances in this one might rate green.
- **Stingaree** (Irene Dunne, Richard Dix)—Stingaree, an Australian Robin Hood, kidnaps the girl, then returns her at the right moment to show the famous composer that she would become a great singer under his patronage. The gesture results in outlaw's capture. She becomes opera star—he escapes—with a final get-together that taxes the imagination. Handsome production—good comedy by Mary Boland—splendid cast—and Miss Dunne's very pleasant singing.

(Continued on page 44)

The week-end that started in failure but ended in fortune



WARREN OFF TO NEWPORT

1 *The Auditor:* "Well of all the lucky guys, getting set with that millionaire Stevens' crowd. If you don't land a lot of insurance, Warren, you're dumb."



WARREN ARRIVES

2 *Butler:* "That young man simply won't do. He's off to a bad start."



THEY PLAY "NOSE-TO-NOSE," SOCIETY'S NEW GAME

3 *Jean:* "You place the tissue to the nose and the person next to you must take it away from you by breathing through his or her nose. Each one who misses must pay a forfeit. It's barrels of fun and develops your lungs."



JEAN'S PRETTY MAD

4 *Jean:* "If that fellow, Warren, sits next to me I'll never play that game again—not for all of Daddy's money."

THAT NIGHT AT DINNER

5 *Jean:* "Daddy, can't you do something about this international case of halitosis on my left?"

Mr. Stevens: "I'll put him on a horse in the great outdoors, where he can't offend anybody but the horse."



WARREN'S RIVAL NOW GETS A LOOK IN

6 *Fred:* "I was a little jealous of that fellow Warren yesterday—you were so interested."

Jean: "I made a mistake—he's... he's impossible! Everybody avoids him."



WARREN TAKES A TIP

7 *Butler:* "I didn't see any Listerine in your bag, sir, and what with the refreshments and all, I thought you might be needing it. So many men do."



WARREN BACK IN FAVOR AGAIN

8 *Warren:* "I've read about heiresses, but I never sold one an insurance policy until now."

Jean: "Forget business. What I want to know is—will you join us next week at Newport?"



TWO YEARS LATER

9 "Going to the office Monday?"

Warren: "No, I seldom go to the office since I sold that Stevens' crowd a carload of insurance—but Boy, how close I came to failure!"

A Great Business and Social Handicap

At some time or other, everybody is a victim of halitosis (unpleasant breath), the unforgivable fault. Most cases, says a dental authority, are due to fermentation of tiny particles skipped by the tooth brush. The quick, pleasant way to make sure your breath is agreeable is to use Listerine night and morning, and between times before business or social engagements. Listerine halts fermentation and checks the odors arising from it. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Use LISTERINE to check halitosis (Bad breath)

ORGANIZED TO SERVE YOU WELL



SEVEN hundred and fifty thousand people own the Bell System. Two hundred and seventy-five thousand operate it. Everybody uses it.

The Bell System is devoted to the task of giving to the American people the best possible telephone service at the lowest cost consistent with financial safety.

It is a big system for it serves a big country.

In the conduct of the business, responsibility is decentralized so that the man on the spot can act rapidly and effectively.

At the same time, from company or system headquarters, he is within instant reach of skillful advice and assistance as well as material and supplies.

The Bell System means one policy, one system, universal service.

**BELL TELEPHONE
SYSTEM**



BROWN PAPER BAGS • By Gurney Williams

ONE evening two weeks after the honeymoon, Louise Seymour made a chance remark that changed things for both of them. "The doormen and elevator boys are beginning to smile at me now," she said. "I carry so many brown paper bags in and out of the apartment, they're beginning to realize I live here."

"Hm," said Harvey Seymour, "they don't call you by name, do they? I've lived here a year and I don't believe any of them know mine."

"No, they don't," she said, "but they're so used to seeing me they say 'Good morning' and 'Good evening', and I'm sort of sorry we're going to move. The doorman's awfully nice about helping me with my bundles."

"Hm," said Mr. Seymour. He laid down his fork and looked at his wife. "They don't know who you are, eh? But those brown paper bags."

"Harvey!" said Mrs. Seymour. "What's the matter? I've never seen you look—"

"I've got an idea, Louise," said Mr. Seymour.

By noon the next day the Seymours had decided upon a very nice unfurnished three-room on the eighth floor of a new apartment uptown. Unfurnished, Mr. Seymour explained, because they had no trouble about ingress and egress, most of them being unlocked. After lunch, Mrs. Seymour filled two brown paper bags with linen and extra shoes, and she and Mr. Seymour walked back again to the new apartment, stepped briskly into the elevator, nodded cheerfully at the driver and rose to the eighth floor. The elevator man seemed a little uncertain but said nothing. The Seymours found 8-C still unlocked and quite bare. After emptying the bags in the bedroom closet, Mr. Seymour went back to his office for the afternoon and Mrs. Seymour returned to their own apartment. By dinner time she had made four trips to 8-C, and reported good progress. "The doorman has begun to nod already," she said, "and by tomorrow I'm sure I won't have to tell the elevator boy the floor number."

"Fine," said Mr. Seymour.

THREE weeks later the Seymours moved the last of their possessions out of the old apartment, into 8-C. It required a good deal of nerve to walk in with their suitcases but the doorman and elevator boy dis-

sipated their fears immediately; the doorman, in fact, carried both bags directly to the elevator. "Did you have a nice trip?" he asked, and Mr. Seymour gave him a quarter. The new apartment was virtually bare. The Seymours had made it a point to keep nearly everything, including two folding cots, in the bedroom closet, in case of a sudden inspection by a prospective tenant. As an added precaution, they kept the front door locked when at home. Their privacy was meagre enough, Mr. Seymour said.

ONE night they decided to have a sort of housewarming, and Mr. Seymour bought a lot of gin and things. Mrs. Seymour said she didn't think it was a very good idea, especially since Bob Gillette was so noisy, but Mr. Seymour said pooh, he could keep Bob quiet, so they had the party. It had to be by candlelight because the electricity had never been turned on.

About one o'clock, somebody down in 7-C began to pound on the ceiling and Mr. Seymour tried to keep Bob Gillette quiet but Bob had had plenty and he didn't feel like keeping quiet. Pretty soon the house phone rang—for the first time since the Seymours had moved in—and Mr. Seymour had all he could do to keep Bob from answering it. They had quite an argument about it and presently the door buzzer sounded.

Mrs. Seymour, by this time, had whisked everything into the closet, and she and the guests (including Bob) were hiding in the bathroom. Mr. Seymour didn't know whether to answer the door or not, finally, though, he did, and faced a large but not unpleasant looking man.

"I hate to bother you," said the man, "but I can't sleep with all this racket going on." He peered past Mr. Seymour at the empty room and the waning candle-light. "Say, what—"

Mr. Seymour swallowed. "Just—a small party," he said. "Some of my friends are sort of tight."

"I'll say," said the man. He rubbed his hand down the side of his face, looking puzzled.

"Won't you come in and have a night cap?" offered Mr. Seymour tentatively.

"Well," said the man. "Well—sure. My name's Orcutt."

Mr. Seymour called Mrs. Seymour



and the guests out of the bathroom and made introductions. "You know, it's a damned—pardon me, a darned funny thing," said Mr. Orcutt as Mr. Seymour handed him a stiff drink. "I called the man at the desk downstairs and said the people in 8-C are making a hell, heck of a lot of noise and he said, 'There's no one in 8-C, Mr. Orcutt.' 'Like heck there isn't,' I said, 'they're making enough noise to wake up the dead,' I said, and he said, 'But the apartment is unoccupied, Mr. Orcutt.' So I asked the operator to give me 8-C and she said, 'Who are you calling, please?' and I said, 'How should I know?' and then she said nobody lived here. So I got sore and slammed down the phone. I thought maybe I was nuts."

Everybody laughed, a little nervously.

"This is a spooky-looking place you got here," said Mr. Orcutt. "Playing games or something?"

"Yes," said Mr. Seymour. "Some new games."

"Yeah," said Mr. Orcutt, draining his glass. "Well, wait until I see that damned fool at the desk tomorrow. Half the time they don't know what apartments is occupied and which isn't. Well, I guess I'll go back to my own place. I'm sorry I butted in but I couldn't sleep, and that guy at the desk—"

"I'm sorry we disturbed you," said Mr. Seymour. "We'll be quieter from now on. Good night."

"That's all right," said Mr. Orcutt. "Thanks for the drink."

At two o'clock the other guests departed, and Mr. and Mrs. Seymour began to pack their belongings into some new brown paper bags. "Orcutt's bound to get into an argument with the desk clerk tomorrow," said Mr. Seymour.

The Seymours have been living in another apartment on Fifty-seventh Street for ten days, now, but a Park Avenue doorman is beginning to recognize Mrs. Seymour and her brown paper bags.

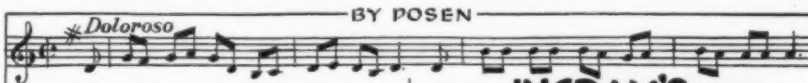
OUR idea of a vicious circle is one radio comedian stealing gags from another radio comedian.

A department store owner we know says that lady shoppers bring back everything but prosperity.

A White Plains jury recently awarded 6 cents damages in an alienation suit. The NRA, it seems, has no code for the wages of sin.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

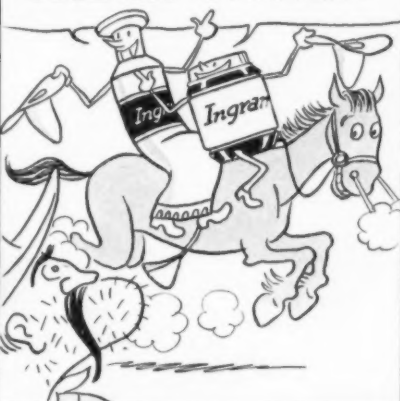
BY POSEN



I SHORE AM PLUMB
DISGUSTED WITH THIS
CROP OF SPIKES I'M RAISIN'



TRY **INGRAM'S** FOR
THOSE WHISKERS, PARD-ITS
COOLNESS IS AMAZIN'!



THEM OTHER CREAMS I
TRIED TO USE ALL LEFT
MY SKIN A-BLAZIN' -



**THEM DAYS IS
GONE FOREVER!**



YOUR WHISKERS MAY GROW AS THICK
AND THORNY AS THE CACTUS — BUT
LATHER-UP WITH **INGRAM'S SHAVING
CREAM** AND YOU CAN CLEAR THEM AWAY
WITHOUT A JAB OR JERK! YOUR SHAVES
WILL ALWAYS BE **COOL**, TOO, FOR **INGRAM'S**
ALSO ACTS AS A TONIC AND LOTION TO
PREVENT STINGING AND AFTER-SHAVING
RAWNESS. **35c**, TUBE OR JAR.

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

DEPT. K-2

Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

NAME _____

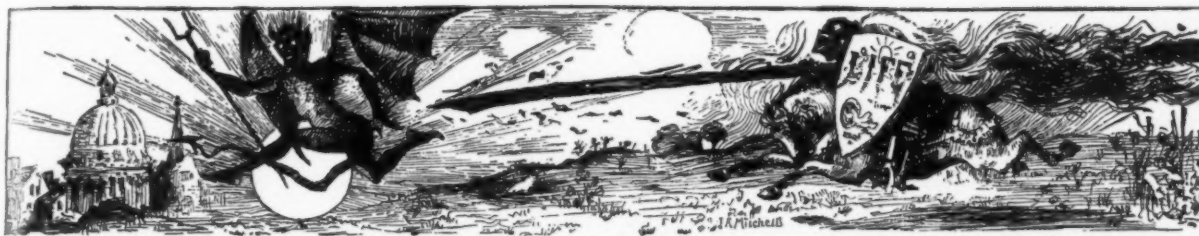
STREET _____

CITY _____ STATE _____





"Well, if you don't like pistachio, suppose you go after your own damn ice cream!"



JULY, 1934

FIFTY-SECOND YEAR

“—SOME OF THE PEOPLE—”

LIFE'S Bureau of Consumer Research

OUR COUNTRY

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S idea of giving Rex Tugwell a \$2,000 raise reminds us of a remark we heard from Emmett Finley, President of the American Press Association. "The way to cure a Communist," says Finley, "is to give him a hell of a good job."

DESPITE Clarence Darrow's scathing report on the NRA, we predict bigger and better things for the New Deal. In fact, now that gambling has been legalized, we have an idea for General Johnson.

If we had our way:

A Secretary of Chance would be added to the President's cabinet, and the NLA (National Lottery Adminis-

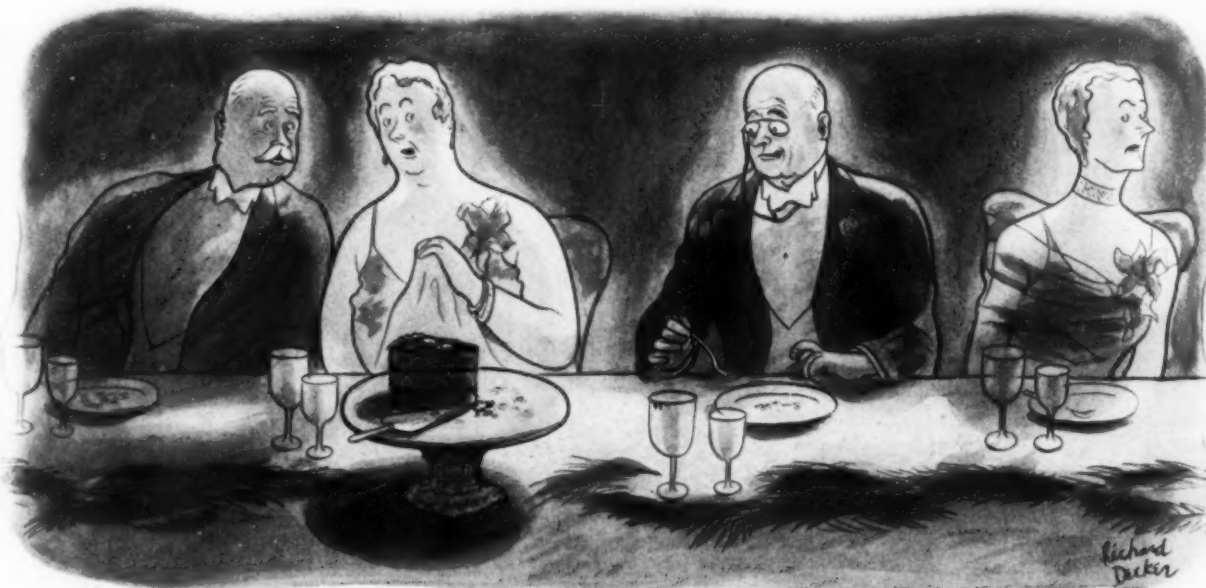
tration), the FPA (Federal Poker Authority) and a series of such boards would be set up. The "gambling hell" would become the "Government Gambling Salon", and the slinking "bookie" the dignified "Government Bonded Bookmaker". Citizens would be restrained by law from staking more than ten percent of their incomes, and it would all be very orderly and gay. Furthermore, we would have officially recognized the fact that the human animal is one who likes to take a sporting chance once in a while.

GO-GETTER. Though still in a cozy Atlanta cell, Al Capone manages to keep such good office hours that he has been charged with fixing prices in Chicago's soft drink, laundry and dry cleaning lines.

WHEELS OF INDUSTRY

WHILE perusing a book in some library during a shower we found out about a new food gyp. Raspberry jam, for instance—for a long time the raspberry seeds came from gooseberries. But those are too big. The latest seeds, more lifelike, are made of wood—guaranteed pure and to stick between your teeth.

A FRIEND of ours who has a summer place on an island in Maine liked the looks of a small canvas bottom boat at Macy's. Price about \$77. He found out the boat was made in Old Town, Maine, which isn't far from his summer place, so he wrote the factory and asked *them* for a price. Cheaper, he thought, than paying



"Yes, I've been noticing the senator too. I do hope there's nothing wrong in Washington."

freight charges from New York. The factory wrote back, said the price would be about \$88. Our friend went back to Macy's, paid them their price and—you guessed it—saved money. The funny part of the story, he thinks, is that the boat was finally shipped to his camp from the factory in Old Town.

ASIDE from the boyhood dream that some day maybe you'll be president, there is no reverie more universally imbedded in the American subconscious than the distant relative dying and leaving you a great deal of money. What heart would not pound upon receiving a letter from, let us say, the "National Inheritance Service, Estate Counsellors—Missing Heirs Located", on a dignified letterhead bearing the inscriptions "Examiners for title companies—Searchers of Records—Genealogists—Missing Heirs Located" and the message:

"Dear So-and-so:

"We have been endeavoring to communicate with a person of the above name, and our investigations lead us to believe that you are the party.

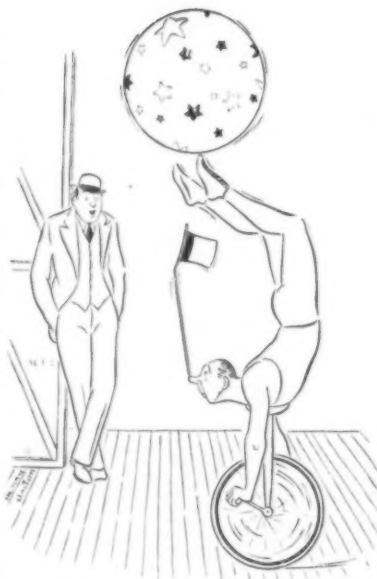
"This is a matter of distinct importance to the individual in question and that we may make certain you are the one, please answer the following questions:"

The "following questions" are, of course sufficient to identify a "missing heir" beyond the shadow of a doubt. You'd fill it out promptly, excitedly, anxiously—and mail it.

The disillusionment comes a few days later when you're served a legal paper of some sort—and recall that statistics sufficient to identify a missing heir will also reveal a missing debtor. The "Inheritance Service" is more hot air than lost heirs—a gyp scheme to gyp gyps, and is paid five dollars or so for every "lost heir" that falls for the ruse.

If you get a letter hinting that there's a fortune waiting for you, it would be well to rack your brain for the times you left college leaving a dentist bill, the laundryman in the *old* neighborhood, and the Buick whose fender you smashed in a jam on Fulton Street.

THE word "old," we think, ought to be overhauled and repainted by the liquor people. The other day we walked into our neigh-



"Now get some personality into it!"

borhood liquor shop and asked for a bottle of "old" whiskey.

"Old *what?*" asked the proprietor. "We got Old Glory, Old Polk, Old Smoothie, Old Log Cabin, and Old Quaker. Then I can give you Old Taylor, Old Ruxton, Old Grandad, Old Crow, Old Dougherty, or Old Stonybrook. Mebbe you'd rather have Old Town, Old Overholt, Good Old Guckenheimer, or Old Hardie. And there's Old Topper, Old Overland, Old Oscar Pepper, Old McBrayer, Old Baker, Old—"

"Wait a minute," said we, "how old is *old*?"

He smiled. "Anywheres from ten



"Did any of you gents see anything of a pair of glasses?"

months to twenty years," he said.

Well, maybe the distillers should have a conclave to put "old," as a word, back into good usage. The really *old* whiskeys ought not to be stigmatized by association in the consumer's mind with any spirit that happens to have been named "Old Something-or-other." So *that's* off our chest.

ARTS & LETTERS

THERE is a lot of tattoo work still going on, we learn. It isn't exactly a fad—just that once in a while somebody falls for the idea of pretty pictures on the old epidermis. One notable tattooed subject is King George V, if he hasn't faded by this time, as the flora and fauna was put on him some years back. It's still considered sort of aristocratic in Europe. Some of the local actors are tattooed, but they generally figure that their tattoo work is their own business. Popular tattoo subjects: Franklin D. Roosevelt, Greta Garbo, Mickey Mouse. Sailors have chickens etched on their feet to keep them from drowning (they think), and their private art galleries are censored by the Navy.

NOW we know a little more about what is meant when people refer to Will Hays as "The Movie Czar." The other day we caught a glimpse of the workings of one division of his empire—known bitterly to movie admen as "The Hays Office." Every line of national movie advertising must be approved by these tireless guardians of the public morals.

Some of the decisions that have been handed down by this tribunal fill us with wonder:

You can't have a picture of a girl saying "I want a man" in a movie ad. You can have her "murder a man," "rob a man," or do almost anything to a man but "want" him. "Love child" is taboo, but "she gave him all" is okay. A drawing of a lady swooning on a man's arm was rejected as too sexy—her skirt was one of the long ones that reach the floor, but it was split so that one leg was revealed well above the knee. It was retouched to bring the skirt a little nearer the patella, then it was moral. It's all right, on the other hand, to glorify a fetching strumpet—



Hedge Clippers

but you mustn't glorify a genial soak. A picture of a fan dancer was okayed, but a picture of a woman sitting on a man's lap was kayoed. The "Hays office" can't take any chances on letting evil creep in.

SPORTS

A BIT of research has proved to our own satisfaction that there is no snootier sport alive than falconry. Or perhaps "dead" would be a better word. American falconers have no club, won't talk, won't even give their names. We ferreted out one—George C. Goodwin, dept. of mammals, Museum of Natural History, who said that although there have always been falconers in America they wish people would lay off. Why, we inquired. Because, said Mr. Goodwin, who has a handsome Hitler moustache, whenever there is a story about falconry, a lot of people borrow hawks and go falconing right and left. Their slovenly methods mangle a lot of game birds and give the sport a bad reputation.

Seems falconry consists in carrying a trained hawk on your wrist into the fields and marshes of Long Island, the hawk being fastened to you with leather straps—"jesses"—and wearing a hood. Your dogs snoop around for ducks, quail, herons and occasionally find some. The dogs point. You loose the falcon, take off its hood and swoosh it up in the air. The falcon spirals way up high. Then you throw something at the pheasants and scare them. Up they go. The falcon pounces on one—spikes it painlessly with his spurs—brings it down, out cold. The pheasant never knew what struck it (him, her).

You have to train your own hawks, says Goodwin; it's expensive; game is scarce, and so on. He doesn't think the sport is due for a revival. We think it is, though. Falconry is the oldest known sport, and look how well the other antiques (see Bustles) are getting by in this year of grace 1934.

UNTRAMMELED PRESS

THE business of hiring people through newspaper want-ads is a dull and humdrum affair compared to what it used to be. Maybe the price per age line has something to do with



"I just thought I'd let him go in and look around."

it, but even so we feel that the evening paper would be immeasurably enlivened if the ad section were whooped up a bit. Aside from an occasional ROSIE: It was all a mistake. Come back. HERBIE, one seldom finds anything more sprightly than: EXTERMINATOR. State age, sal., exp. Refs.

Contrast this drab request with an item we found while thumbing through the *New York Journal*; or, the *General Advertiser*, issue of July 8, 1773.

Wanted—

"A handy, neat, well-proportioned, likely young woman, to wait upon a gentleman, keep his chamber, bed



"It's just legal, dear, not compulsory!"

and furniture, in the neatest order and decorum, and take care that he be amply provided with every necessary accommodation according to directions he shall from time to time occasionally give her—to take care of his clothes and linen, attend to dress and undress him, &c. She must be particularly skillful and assiduous in dressing hair, and giving the head all the fashionable decorations. He is sensible that some of the services he requires are usually performed by men, but being a person of delicacy and having weak nerves, he cannot bear the coarse appearance, nor the rough touch of a male . . ."

Then, just so nobody would get the wrong idea, he ended up:

"Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense"

GREAT MINDS

"THE time has come when the wisdom of this Senate has got to be used."

—Senator Huey P. Long.

"I never use any of Joe Miller's jokes."

—Jack Pearl.

"That I can ever be in love in Hollywood, I question."

—Joan Crawford.

"I meet so many dead people, I wonder sometimes whether I am dead, too."

—Clarence Darrow.

"I started booping about 1920."

—Helen Kane.

"One writer in the family is enough."

—Mrs. Achmed Abdullab.

"The screen has broadened my technique."

—Clark Gable.

"Sex is never vulgar except to vulgar people."

—Mae West.

"All the money the government has spent is not lost."

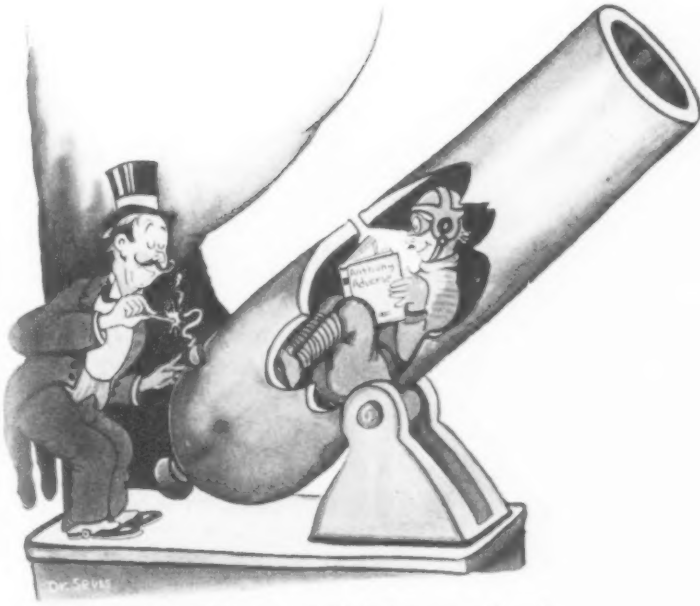
—James A. Farley.

"Radio is hard work, but I like it."

—Eddie Cantor.

A Few Notes on the Shameful Paucity of American Words

By
Dr. Seuss



Our Deplorable Deficiency in Technical Terms (Above)

"WHAT'S wrong with your American Language anyhow?" demands The Great Huego, the Human Projectile. "I shudder to realize you haven't even a word for the little vent in my cannon that lets in the light so I can catch up on my reading between the time I crawl in and the time I'm blown out!"



Our Lamentable Inadequacy in Words Describing Attitudes (Right)

"THE American Word Bag is an empty sack," snorts Anchung Hohnhorst, a travelling salesman. "Why in heaven's name is there no word for the look a bellhop shoots at you when you can't remember the difference between American Plan and European?"



Our Inexcusable Ineptitude in Amatory Nomenclature

"IN touring America, lecturing on my adventures," complains an Abyssinian Admiral, "I have been horribly handicapped by the wretched limitations of your inexpressive vocabulary. I am forced to deny my audiences my very best stories, for your doltish dictionary has no noun whatever meaning a Tryst with a Negro Mermaid."

BOARDER OUT OF CHAOS • By Weare Holbrook

THERE are people taking boarders today who never took boarders before. And it will be okay with me if they never take boarders again.

Since the income from Grandpa's trust fund did a dillinger and the quarterly dividend checks stopped bouncing in, members of the landed gentry everywhere have opened their summer homes to paying guests. If you can give satisfactory references (my favorites are the World Almanac and Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*) you may, for a consideration, enjoy the freedom of the palatial country estates you used to read about in the slick-paper magazines.

These very lines are written on stationery emblazoned with the Van Waffle family crest. I am spending my vacation as a paying guest at "The Breeches", the country seat of the Van Waffles, near Iron Derby, Vt. It is one of those places where you dress for dinner and undress for breakfast—or rather, it was before Papa Van Waffle put his father-in-law's life savings into Kreuger & Toll. Things are different now. The east wing of the manor house is closed, the tennis court looks like a

garden, the garden looks like a tennis court, and there are squirrels in the swimming pool.

Last year the domestic staff gave notice until it hurt, and since then Mrs. Van Waffle has been running the establishment single-handed—her other hand being occupied with a lorgnette. "With the servants gone," she explained, "the house seemed so empty that I said to myself, 'Why not share it with a few congenial spirits during the summer?' I don't want you to regard The Breeches as a hotel, but as a *home*. From now on, you'll just be one of the family."

MRS. Van Waffle was very brave about it, and so were the congenial spirits; they had to be. Her proud patrician nature rebelled at waiting on \$8-a-day boarders, and aside from warning them not to scratch the hardwood floors, rip the billiard table, finger the first editions, gin-ring the grand piano, tread on the tulips or paint mustaches on the ancestral portraits, she left us to shift for ourselves most of the time. In her attitude toward culinary matters she went Marie

Antoinette one better. "Let 'em bake cake!" was her motto.

"Do you mind children?" she asked as soon as I had arrived and paid my bill in advance.

"Yes," I admitted, "but they absolutely refuse to mind me."

"Then I'll put you in the children's room," she announced. "It has a southern exposure, and now that Barbara is away at camp there's only Junior and the baby. You'll love it, I know. But do be careful about tossing cigarette butts into the bassinets."

The children's room was a sort of sun parlor decorated with Mother Goose frescos and filled with toys which, like their owners, had seen better days. Junior, a chunky child of four, resented my presence immediately. "You promised me a horse," he reminded his mother reproachfully. The baby, however, seemed acquiescent. And Barbara's bed, though short, was sturdy. By parking myself diagonally and sticking my feet through the bars I was able to stretch out full-length. As a berth, it was somewhat Caesarian but better than nothing.

Have you ever, since attaining maturity, slept in a nursery? Have you ever rolled over in bed and been yanked into quivering consciousness by the squawk of a rubber duck? Did you ever extract a chocolate caramel from the toe of your slipper—or tread barefooted on a little tin soldier, complete with bayonet and side-arms? Man, you haven't lived!

MY first night in the children's room was interrupted by frequent bellowings from the bassinets. Obviously the baby was hungry, and I had nothing to offer it but a pint bottle of Old Overshoe. Despairing of sleep, I finally crawled out of bed with the intention of summoning a parent or two. But before I could find the light switch, I tripped over something in the dark and skidded half-way across the room, to the accompaniment of a madly clanging gong.

When Mrs. Van Waffle turned on the light in the hall, she found me in a dazed condition, sitting on a toy fire-engine—while the baby chortled hilariously. "That's right," she said as she helped me up. "Whenever he grows fretful, just do something to divert



"She says her rates are lower than the place next door."

his attention. I think he likes you."

In the morning Mrs. Van Waffle suggested tennis—that is, if I didn't mind getting the court into shape first. This involved weeding and rolling it, and putting down new markers. It took me three days to get the job done, and it wasn't until the third day that I discovered Junior had been using my rackets for snowshoes; they looked like butterfly nets. However, as Mrs. Van Waffle observed philosophically, there was still the swimming pool—provided I felt equal to repairing the pipes and mending the broken tiles in the bottom. After two days of plumbing and brick-laying I got the pool filled; but before I could change into my bathing trunks, all the water had leaked out again.

THUS the first week passed almost before you could say Edwin Arlington Robinson. On Sunday morning Mrs. Van Waffle came to me in a flutter of excitement, and announced that she was expecting some friends from Tuxedo Park. "The Smith-Smythes," she explained. "They're so refined, and I've never had the courage to tell them that we are taking—ah—paying guests. In fact, they don't even know that we've let the servants go. Would you mind putting on the butler's old uniform and serving tea this afternoon—to save the honor of the Van Waffles?"

Reluctantly I agreed. My impersonation of the butler was so convincing that it was repeated by request the following Wednesday when the Billop-Watsons called, and every Sunday since then. In the meantime I have helped out in the kitchen, tinkered on Mr. Van Waffle's Rolls-Royce (which ran out of gas in the autumn of 1929), and looked after Junior and the baby. I am, as Mrs. Van Waffle has remarked, just one of the family—the one who does all the work.

No doubt it is worth \$8 a day to live on terms of intimacy with such blooded stock as the Van Waffles—for one can see by their very helplessness that they represent the acme of American aristocracy. But if, over my dead body, I ever spend another vacation at "The Breeches", I shall insist on Thursday afternoons off.

And no laundry.

Statistical item: Four men can pass around a given pint about three times.



"We hope the next earthquake will level things again."

FOR MEN ONLY

Rules of the Rude

WHETHER for Nothing or for Yen

I'll play my Contract Bridge with Men!

For though my partner be a lout
Who doesn't know what It's About

It's easier to bear by far
Than playing with a Female Star.

For I can bawl him out, and he
Can pull the same rough stuff on me

And whether we be wrong or right
We need not be too damned polite.

For all my partner's roars and rants
Are better than the martyred glance

A woman partner always darts
When you get set four tricks in hearts.

And when the lady is a Sap
You still must wear upon your map

A gentle smile and lie like hell
And say "You played it very well."

And when the time comes to collect
You feel a woman's life is wrecked

And that her whole career is done
Because of fifty cents you won.

Thank you, I'll take the black abuse
That male practitioners turn loose,

In preference to what you get
In mixed games ruled by etiquette.

Whether for Nothing or for Yen
I'll take my Contract Bridge with Men!

—Berton Braley.



"Naw, he ain't sick, lady—he's just playin' possum."

RUGGED REALISM

MR. LEOPOLD STOKOWSKY,
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Mr. Stokowsky: I think the trick stuff the symphony orchestras are doing nowadays—like ringing in dishpans and riveting machines for incidental sound effects—is simply swell. I hope you will keep up the good work. You have opened a new and broader field for symphony orchestras.

Perhaps you could do something with that typically American form of music—the melodies that careen over bathroom transoms. Have you ever thought of having a fellow, or maybe three or four, singing in a bathtub or under a shower while your orchestra plays an enthusiastic accompaniment? The orchestra, of course, would be off-stage at the time.

Another thing that never has been done with just the right scenic and sound effects is the "Overture 1812," or whatever you call that Russian or French thing in which the orchestra finally goes into an eruption. The movie symphony orchestras do fairly well but they merely end up with eight or nine men bashing hell out of the cymbals. I have been hoping you would have your boys do that overture right and wind it up by having an electric crane hoist about 500 tons of milk bottles, garbage cans and scrap iron to the ceiling of the auditorium and let it drop on the last note.

And how about a modernistic "Taxicab Symphony?" You could have each member of the orchestra run wild and try to crowd the others out. They would ignore your signals and go faster all the time. With a lot of horn tooting and bellowing at each other, they finally would end up smashing tubas, denting cellos and careening off the platform.

You are welcome to use any of these ideas. Sincerely,

—Chet Johnson

Group Snapshot

HE squints against the sun, in vain attempting
To smile with giddy brightness, and preëmpting
A tiny space to peep behind the heads
Of half a dozen others. Someone treads
Upon his favorite corn. With martyred kindness
He mouths a dulcet pardon, facing blindness
Again before the sun's vindictive rays.
The girl who holds the camera delays
Until the group is quiet: "Ready, please!"
She calls. . . . His features stiffen, and a sneeze
Assaults his tortured nostrils. Its explosion
Disrupts the process with renewed erosion.
Accepting his apologetic stricture,
They face the sun again to take the picture.
Once more he meekly simpers, knowing well
That when it's printed he will look like hell.

—Margaret M. Mackay.

THAT Canadian educator who thinks thirteen hundred words are enough for any language certainly has never had a lot of trouble on a golf course.

And those Hindu fakirs who sit on nails ought to try walking bare-foot on one of our public bathing beaches.



"You'll get so's you'll be able to do this instinctively, Mrs. Woodrooffe."



DESIGN FOR SUMMER • By Joe Thompson

WELL, summer is coming along again, and this year I am going to be ready for it. I mean when all these people from home start arriving for their visits to New York.

Here's the idea. I am going to have a form chart printed to give to each one. It will have on it all the old chestnuts that I have had to recite so often to each person. There will be directions, comments, approximate prices, warnings and advice. It may take me a little time now, but it will save an awful lot of standing around the corner of 47th and Broadway telling people about Steuben's and Barbetta's and then ending up at Riker's Hamburger because nobody can get together.

It will be all about how they oughtn't to miss Wall Street because it is so incredible, what with those thousands of people pouring in there daily, those great canyons of stone and banks of windows and such narrow streets. And how it may be sort of touristish but you ought to take the bus ride out Riverside. And how it isn't touristish to go up top of the Empire State because that is one place that even the New Yorkers go openly and boldly because it is such a magnificent sight.



And then I will state my opinion of how much Rockefeller is getting taken for on Radio City and how I think that it will fill up quicker than we think and in time will be a great success. Stuff like that.

Then I am going to spend a paragraph on the discussion of how I like New York as compared to the old home town, and go into a good deal of detail to prevent their saying: "Well, I like to come here and have a good time but I am darned if I can see how you could ever live here."

NOW, I am not making much money and have had absolutely no measure of success here in the general scheme of things. But I know these people come here with a bit of a chip on their tanned shoulders and are not going to let me lord it over them for a minute. They have a big defence mechanism all built up. So I shall have to write a paragraph on my printed form explaining that I do not expect to be lionized; that I am not any better off than they; in fact, probably I am worse off.

Another thing. I am forever drawing maps on the

backs of menus and letters of the got damn subway system. I always have to mark my apartment and their hotel and what stations to get off at, and I always run badly amuck when it comes to the crosstown busses and elevators. Well, I am going to draw one great big One for All Time, get plenty of copies printed, and get this business over for once and for all. If they can't figure it out, well they can just go ask one of our epileptic cops.

Now I like to see these people and have a good old time with them. I hate to get sore about it like this, and maybe New York has sort of changed me. But I am damned if I'll keep on going to the Hollywood Restaurant just to please some old classmate, or trundle a lot of cousins into another of those studio broadcasts or waste another three dollars on cocktails for a girl who was great stuff on the campus but is now engaged to some guy back at the First National Bank. I can't help it. That's just the way I feel.

Lines Composed by a Writer in a Financial Emergency

WHEN it comes to keeping the wolf from the door,
The pen is mightier than the swor'.
—G. L.



"Th' lady ast me to take her place for a minute."

HYMN TO THE NORMAL • By Margo Fischer

MAY I be permitted to say
In a modest, humble way
That normal people of today
Don't have a leg to stand on?
The world's gone funny that way.

Now, for instance, take the movies—
out in Hollywood.

It's quite evident that one should, nay,
One **HAS** to be spectacular
In an abnormal sort of way.
The biggest this, the biggest that,
On these issues directors stand pat.
Garbo has the largest feet,
Durante has the largest nose,
Joe E. Brown the largest mouth,
Barrymore the most famous pose.
Eddie Cantor has the largest eyes,
Clark Gable the largest ears,
AND then—they have Mae West—
Do I make myself clear, boys?
But they'll all coin money for years.

Then: the other night I went to see
A brand new opera, said to be
Quite the latest—musically.
From the pen of Gertrude Stein,
Whether it was very mad or very fine
No one could agree—certainly not me.
Four Saints in Three Acts was the name
Backwards or forwards—it meant just
the same.

*Saint Theresa—half indoors—half out
—out doors—*

*Might it be mountains if it were not
Barcelona—*

Thus were two acts of the four acts
of the three acts called.
And when the actors said, with some-
thing of a sneer,
"The apple trees have large white en-
velopes on them."



"Perhaps we ought to congratulate
him, too; he's the artist."

I said, "Either Gertrude Stein is crazy
—or I am"—
And I went out for beer.

And when with men you have a date
Say for dinner, and a show,
The male gets in a huffy state
If with affection you are slow.
They go about town next day
And with raised eyebrows, they say
"What a cold dame—I do believe she's
queer"

Never once thinking they could be in
low gear.

To be vulgar and rude, it would appear
Is quite in order with a certain sphere,
To burp is no longer a social disgrace,
To lie in the gutter assures one a place
With people of taste they simply say
"How amusing—what a divine sense
of humor—"

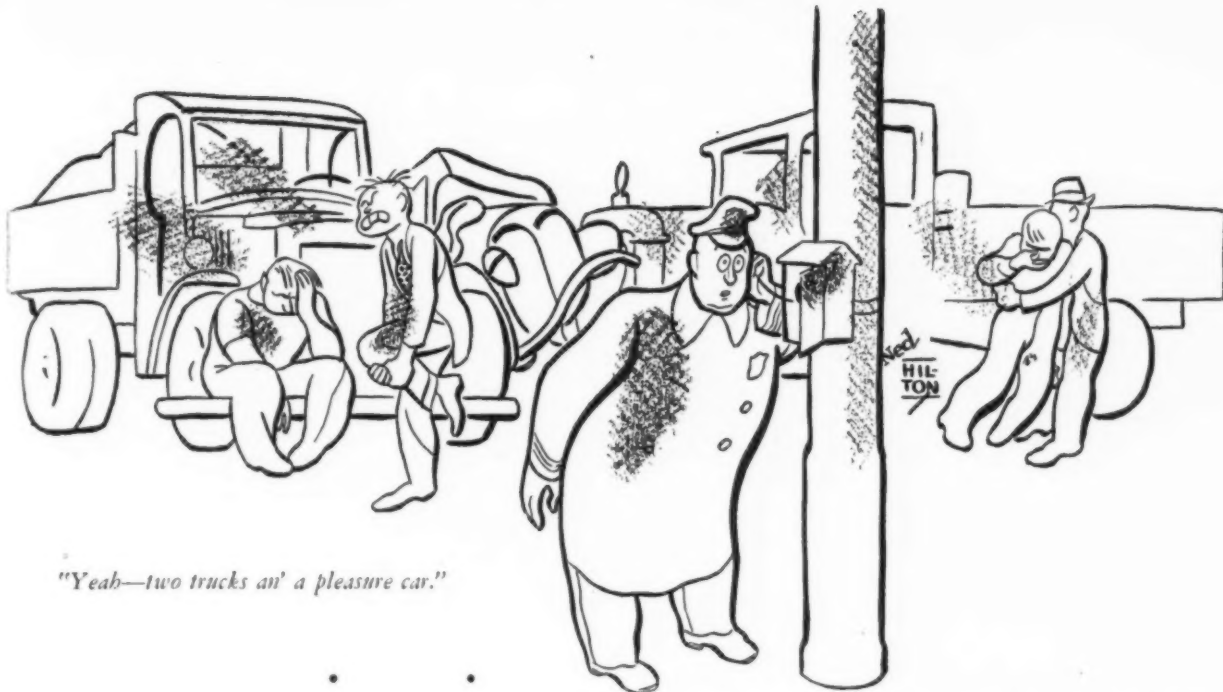
We must have them to dinner—right
away."

It's only in this day and age
That intimate gossip makes the front
page.

Walter Winchell and his blessed events
Are on and off before the marriage has
commenced.

Do you think I'd win fame, maybe,
If I announced I was going to have a
baby?

Suggested box score for Germany:
No Hitler, no funds, no terrors.



"Yeah—two trucks an' a pleasure car."

RESCUE • By Theodore Pratt

SITTING in my little sailing ship becalmed about a hundred yards offshore, I noticed a rowboat approaching and recognized in it, even before he shouted out, the whole twelve years of David.

"Are you all right?" he yelled. Before I had time to answer, and while his spindle arms still worked hard at the oars, he called shrilly: "I saw you out here through my spyglass!" He held up his spyglass for an instant to prove it.

"That's fine," I told him.

"You're stuck, aren't you?" He came alongside excitedly. I could see he was taking the situation pretty seriously. "So I thought I'd better come out and offer help," he announced.

I thanked him, but said I didn't know what he could do.

"Well, I just thought you might need something." He seemed disappointed that there was no immediate danger. Then he brightened. "Maybe you'd like to have something to eat," he suggested. "I don't know as I could locate any hardtack around here. But I'll bet I can get some sea biscuits. Anyway, something like sea biscuits. How about that? You'll have to have them, I guess. I'll get them right away." David started into action.

I stopped him by saying it was nice of him to think about it, but I hadn't

been adrift long enough yet to be very hungry.

"What about water?" he inquired. "That's important. Have you got a beaker of water with you?" He leaned over the gunwale and looked into my boat anxiously.

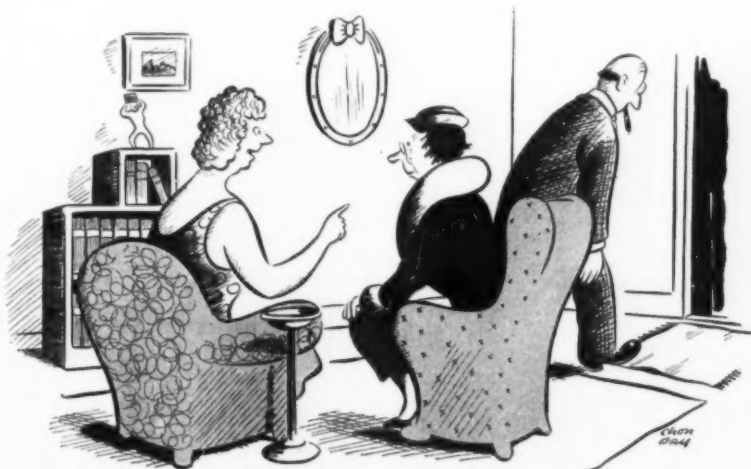
He disapproved my not having or needing water, and said: "But maybe you'll be out here a long time."

It was my opinion that a breeze would probably come up soon. David thought over the whole thing regretfully. "Well," he said, "I guess I can't do anything for you." For a moment

longer he regarded me solicitously. Then he asked: "Will you take off your shirt and wave it on a stick if you need me?"

I told him I'd be glad to. He promised to keep a careful watch through his spyglass, after which he reluctantly started to row away. On the way he made one more offer that had to be turned down along with his others. Resting on his oars, he shouted back: "Can I tell the wife anything?"

WE just found out that the gas used in the labor strikes last month is called phenylaminechlorarsine. The strikers probably choked over it.



"He doesn't understand why the government hasn't called him about his income tax."

L I F E



Episode Three in Sinbad's New Series of Adventures. Will He Find His Way Home?

To a
PHILADELPHIA HEIRESS
WHO IS HAPPIEST IN THE ROLE
of Lady Bountiful



You are on the go from morning till night, gathering funds for your many charities, visiting your beneficiaries, searching out more who need your help. Your errands of mercy often take you down narrow streets, crowded with children and difficult to park in. For these reasons, and because of a very real admiration for your efforts, we want to place a Chevrolet permanently at your disposal. You see, in building a car to please particular people, we have built one that exactly meets *your* needs. Chevrolet's special combination of Fisher Body comfort, Knee-Action smoothness, and a quiet Blue-Flame motor will actually let you rest while driving. The big, sure brakes, and marvelously easy control, will relieve the tension of rides down crowded thoroughfares. Wouldn't such a car help to save you time, and keep you fresh? If you agree, it's yours.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Compare Chevrolet's low delivered prices and easy G. M. A. C. terms.

CHEVROLET MASTER SIX
SPORT COUPE



CHEVROLET
FOR 1934

A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE



The Guy from Mars

Summer Sun parches your Scalp and harms your **HAIR!**



Protect your Hair with **VITALIS**
and the **60-SECOND WORKOUT!**



50 SECONDS TO RUB . . . Rub Vitalis vigorously into your scalp. Your scalp wakes up. Tight dryness goes. And your hair has a chance.



10 SECONDS TO BRUSH . . . Comb your hair. Brush it. It's smartly-groomed, lustrous, healthy. It stays in place. No "patent-leather" look!

SUMMER and life outdoors bring health to you, but they take a ruinous toll of your hair!

Day in and day out the damage is done . . . on green and court, on the beach and in the surf. Blazing suns dry out your scalp and water soaks away its rich, natural, nourishing oils.

Your hair needs care in summer—special care. And unless you give it

that care you may sentence yourself to premature baldness.

There's one best way to keep your hair vigorous and well-groomed in spite of sun, perspiration and water—Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout! Massage Vitalis vigorously into your scalp. On bright, burning days take an extra treatment before going out into the sun—after your shower do the

same. The rich oils of Vitalis are pure vegetable oils that encourage hair health. Loose dandruff is defeated. Your hair looks healthier and neater, too—it's easier to comb and lustrous—but without a trace of that "patent-leather" look.

Start with Vitalis and the 60-Second Workout today. Guarantee your hair health and good looks all summer.

ASK YOUR BARBER

When your barber prescribes Vitalis for the health of your scalp and hair—he's giving you good advice! Take it!



VITALIS



**Keeps Hair Healthy
and Handsome . . .**



FROM ME TO YOU

By Marge

PEOPLE at the seashore remind me of ostriches. They seem to think that so long as they've got their feet stuck in the sand, nobody will notice the rest of them.

Gents who spent hours during the fox hunting season wrangling over the fit of a riding boot encase their skinny stems in a pair of baggy trunks and prance playfully about the beaches during July and Aug. And dowagers who worried all winter over their Lorisosis Curve abandon dull care and girdles and go down to the sea in hips.

Really, it's the darndest thing the way people who dress so carefully undress so casually. I spent three hours this aft frying in a fitting room with my cousin Blanche while she picked out her wardrobe for a month in Maine. Blanche weighs two hundred on the hoof, and every gown had to be just so with a ruffle to hide the bump on the back of her neck and an uneven hemline to make her look taller.

But when it came to a bathing suit, she simply grabbed the first thing on the rack. "I'll take that, size 44," she said, pointing out a bright red one piece with no back and very little front. "Listen, Blanche," I remonstrated weakly, "Do you really think you should get that suit?"

"Why not?" she retorted coldly, "It's a Jantzen, isn't it?"

Gosh, it made me shudder. I can just see Blanche sticking out like a big red blister on the rock bound coast! Believe me, there is a lot to be said for

the European idea of bath houses that roll right down to the water. And I personally will contribute to a fund to buy bath houses for people like Blanche who insist on wearing one-piecers.

This one piece idea is so funny, anyway. Respectable gray haired grandmas who would be the first to faint if they walked into a nudist camp, are wearing them. But why? One piece suits were invented so that people could swim farther and sun more. The grandmothers donned them with cheers and kept right on floating around in inner



"Listen, Hector—I don't care whether it is the style! You go right back and put on your jersey!"

tubes and sitting under umbrellas! It looks to me as though we are all just a bunch of nudists at heart.

WAS talking the other day to a life guard who has been on the beach patrol for twenty-five years. "Well," I said to him, "I guess your job is a cinch these days now that the girls swim like ducks and wear sensible suits."

"Sensible, my eye!" he snarked bitterly. "Why, last summer was the toughest season we ever had! You know those rubber suits the women were wearing? Well, every time a big wave broke you could hear them splitting all up and down the beach! We were nearly run ragged rushing blankets out to the girls!" He sighed cynically. "Looks as though it's going to be even tougher this year, what with these new hand-knitted suits. Boys, just wait till they start to unravel!"

Of course, I realize that the less you wear the better it is for your health.



"I hope you don't mind if I wear this, instructor. I just can't bear to get my head under water!"



"Gosh, I'm too tired to play—I've been rubbing olive oil on mamma's back!"

But the question is, is it good for your popularity? I don't actually advocate a return to the tent-like atrocities of the Gay Nineties. But I do think that until people wise up to themselves or start looking in mirrors, we ought to have beach censors who will decide who should wear white mesh suits and who shouldn't.

I once knew a girl at the shore who was built like a croquet wicket. She used to wear pajamas right down to the ocean's edge and then run like heck for deep water. Everybody thought she was cuckoo, but I think she was just using her conk.

After all, if you know your legs are awful, why let everyone else in on the secret? As for me, I'm heading for the Canadian woods!

GREEN-EYED

I DISLIKE girls whose figures stay As slim as lathes, while I'm a prey To rolls of bulging flesh around my waistline.

I can't bear those whose simplest hat Looks like a Guy or Rose Descat, Whose gowns have Chanel's chic and Molyneux's chaste line.

I don't like women who contrive To look well-groomed and fresh at five A.M.; and girls with Rolls drive me frantic.

I loathe the ones who breakfast late, And also those who subjugate Good-looking men with bank accounts gigantic.

But one hate all the rest outstrips— Both boys and girls who sail on ships Arouse my most malevolent sensations.

I want to scream and thumb my nose At all the lucky so-and-sos Who have the cash for maritime vacations.

—Margaret Mochrie.

Safe Travel.. AT FAST SUMMER SPEEDS IS YOURS IF YOU RIDE ON THE GENUINE *Blowout-Proof Tire**

In summer people drive farther and faster. Sustained speed and hot weather place the maximum strain on tires. That's the time when weak tires fail. No one wants to experience the terrible consequences of an unexpected blowout. Only a low pressure tire is truly blowout-proof. General, the genuine Blowout-Proof Tire runs on 30 to 40% less air. This means there is no explosive strain inside the tire to cause a blowout. General's patented low pressure

construction gives you greater safety—greater protection against blowout whether you are going 30 or 80 miles an hour. And for the rainy summer day or next winter's slippery roads the new Silent Safety Tread means longer lasting and greater non-skid than has ever been known before. The General Tire dealer is the safety expert in your community. He is always ready and anxious to serve you... The General Tire and Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio.

*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. T. M. 290,295



TUNE IN... Jack Benny
every Friday night, 10:30
E.D.S.T. coast-to-coast NBC



The New **GENERAL** *Dual-BALLOON*
WITH THE NEW SILENT SAFETY TREAD



VOL. 101

"While There's Life, There's Hope"

NUMBER 2592

Why Be an Ostrich?

WHEN you sit down to write an editorial these days you either approach a problem which will make one enemy for every convert or you write something so innocuous even your best friends are ashamed of you. If you mention the N.R.A. or the New Deal, you are in trouble at once. What you have to say about war will immediately bring you under fire, and properly so. Will Rogers can always find a topic by ridiculing Congress but we may point out to Mr. Rogers that exactly the same castigation of representative government preceded Fascism in Italy and Germany and Austria. We should like to have particular words with those who feel that what happens in Europe or Asia has no meaning for us. The ostrich also has an effective method of ignoring the weighty questions of the world.

What remains—escape? And where can we go? The most abject set of people we have met lately have been the American expatriates who have been driven out of Europe by the fall of the dollar. For several years France itself was pointed out as a country which by its very nature was safe from depression. We heard much of the sturdy French peasant and of the pleasant French method by which seven men, quite contrary to the American custom, did one man's work and thus there was employment for all. France has now been cruelly struck by falling international markets. We say this with no satisfaction, but simply to point out that we are now living in a tight little world. We have a friend who sought to break new ground and get away from the harassments of everyday American life by operating a farm in Northern Rhodesia. He found that even

there he was at the mercy of prices set in London and New York and eventually was ruined by the competition of farmers in sections thousands of miles away.

The present trend of the expatriates is to Mexico and Bali; after that it will be the Lost Continent of Atlantis and the moon. You can write about life and laughter and sunshine and Summer; that is, you can write this way if you are constitutionally half-witted. How can you get satisfaction from the pleasures of yesterday when tomorrow faces

you with its promise of war and destruction? The idea that it is a great time to be alive has become trite but it certainly is a fine age for those with strong nerves and courage. If there must be comfort, one can be comforted with the notion that since you can't get away you might as well remain and fight. It can be a stirring fight and there's no sense in being discouraged by the obstacles.

We mean this particularly for the new generations. They have little to hope for as things stand now but there is always the future. With no zeal for sermonizing, we feel that for their own sake—economically, culturally, spiritually—they should learn about the world. Obviously it is going to be changed and they are going to help change it. With an opportunity like that there is no sense in escape, which isn't possible in any event, and there is no time for despair. Looking at it in that light, life may not be so bad. It may be just what we need.—K. S. C.



Tear Gas



"CANADIAN CLUB"

★
 ★ **LYING** IN port... glistening white in the noon-day sun... many a fine yacht's most valued convivial equipment is "Canadian Club." For rich and mellow flavor... and unquestioned purity... this splendid Hiram Walker & Sons product has never been surpassed. Aged in wood for many years

under the supervision of the Canadian government, as the seal on each bottle shows... safeguarded at every step in its manufacture, it gives you ample assurance of quality and value. Try Hiram Walker's London Dry Gin, too, as well as other Hiram Walker products, including several very fine blended whiskies.

Be sure to visit the Hiram Walker Exhibit in the "Canadian Club" Cafe at the Century of Progress in Chicago

Hiram Walker & Sons

WALKERVILLE, ONTARIO • PEORIA, ILLINOIS

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—*Arizona Kitty Kat*

—Michigan Gargoyle

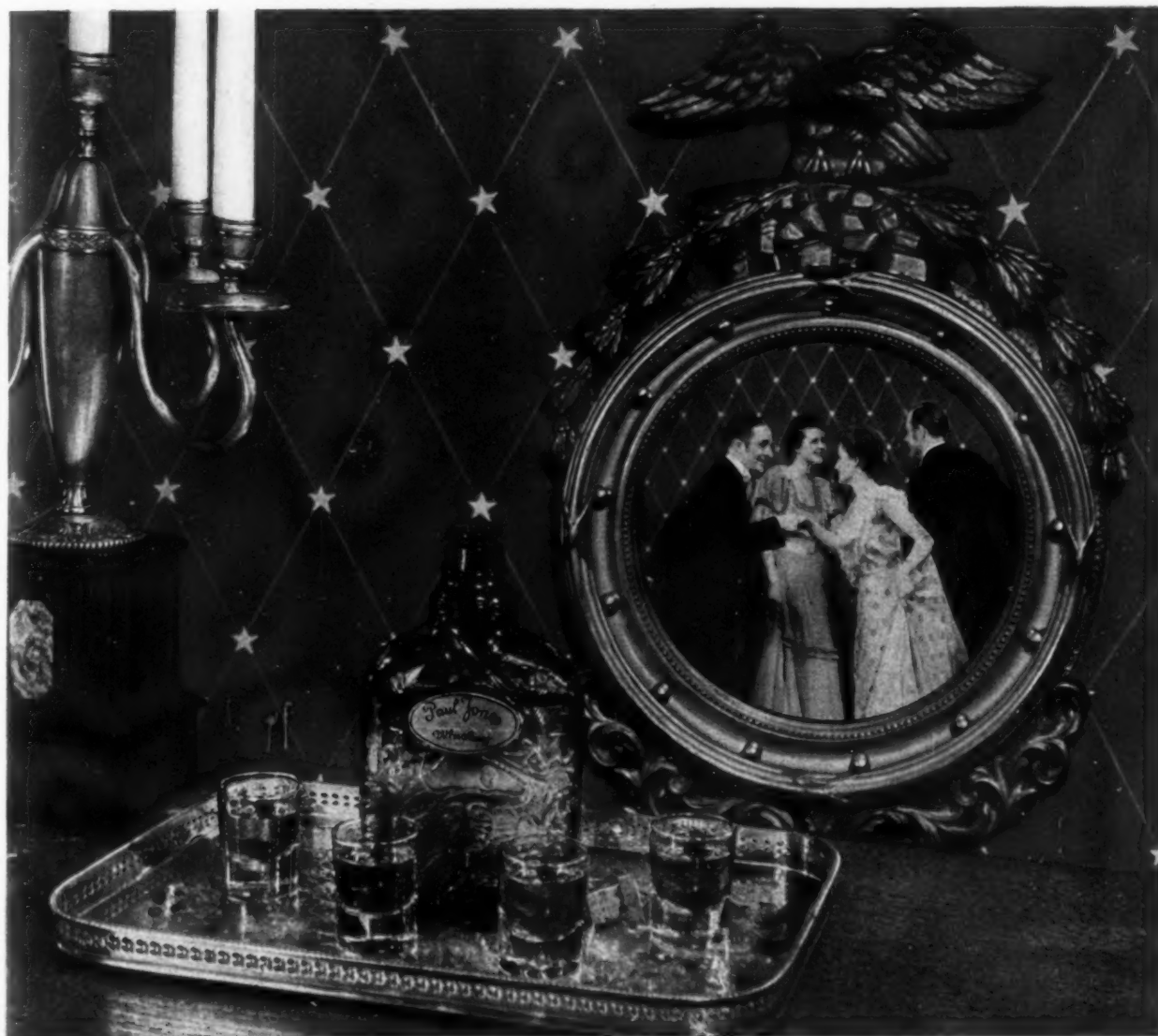
—Arizona Kitty Kat

LIFE will pay \$2 each for "Faculty Minds at Work" items. Don't fall asleep in your classes; keep your ears pinned back for statements from *your* profs and send them to "Faculty Minds," LIFE, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, giving name of instructor, course, and college. None will be returned.



—Columbia Lester

★ "GRAND RIGHT AND LEFT—EVERYBODY
PAUL JONES" ★



PERHAPS you have never danced the Paul Jones.

But your father and mother danced it. And your father and grandfather—yes, and your great-grandfather, too—knew the grand old whiskey the dance was named for . . . *Paul Jones!*

It is nearly 70 years since this famous whiskey first sparkled into a glass. Throughout these 70 years, it has been made in the same way—blended with pure, mellow whiskies, naturally aged in charred oak barrels. *Not a drop of raw whiskey added!*



That's why Paul Jones is so velvety to the throat, so softly glowing in flavor. That's why this whiskey, when used with moderation, contains no headache.

It costs more to make whiskey the way Paul Jones is made, and it takes more skill. But Frankfort Distilleries, America's largest independent distilling organization, has four generations of experience behind it.

Paul Jones comes bottled only in full measure packages, and sealed in the exclusive

Frankfort Pack, a tin-top-and-bottom carton that makes tampering or adulteration impossible.

★ **PAUL JONES** ★

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DISTILLERIES, INCORPORATED
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FOUR ROSES
OLD OSCAR PEPPER
★ **ANTIQUE** ★ **MEADVILLE** ★

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Sailing East of Suez?



the phrase **IMPLIES**

P & O

Those to whom the phrase means most . . . ruling Princes, officers of the British Service in India, civilians resident there, pleasure travellers throughout the East . . . think of P & O as the pre-eminent, the traditional route. In a score of ports on the other side of the world, P & O Liners stand for the might and splendour of the West; Indians measure time by their swift and sure arrival!

When you feel the call of the East . . . for business or pleasure . . . take this route—preferred for safety and luxury since 1840. Cross to England, Gibraltar or Marseilles . . . thence to India by new s.s. Strathnaver or s.s. Strathaird or other P & O Liners. First Class, Second Class or popular Tourist Class throughout.

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AND
BRITISH INDIA
STEAM NAVIGATION COMPANIES**

INDIVIDUAL ROUND THE WORLD TOURS of varied itinerary and cost arranged from London, Gibraltar and Marseilles to India, Ceylon, Burma, Straits Settlements, China, Japan, Australia, New Zealand, Egypt, Sudan, Persian Gulf, East and South Africa, etc. Send for program of specimen tours.

P & O CRUISES . . . to the Mediterranean and Northern Wonderlands, in season.

Information from Your Local Agent or

CUNARD LINE
GENERAL AGENTS

25 Broadway

New York

GOING TO THE THEATRE

With Don Herold

This Purposeless Department



THIS department is here primarily for the fun of being here, and not with any real intention of helping humanity.

If you are looking for serious theatre-going guidance, I suggest that you put into a hat the names of all the shows in town and draw yourself out a couple.

My Aunt Irma, of Muncie, Indiana, writes that her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cress, went, on their recent trip to New York, to see *Ab, Wilderness!* on my recommendation, and thought it was terrible.

There is nothing that makes a critic's blood boil as much as having somebody ask for his money back.

In your hat, Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Cress!

People who take anybody's theatrical criticism *that* seriously are just a little bit green in the first place, and they're not going to get any money back from this department in the second place.

Some shows we praise, out of whim. Half of our liking them is sometimes based on lots of other folks disliking them. Other shows, we know what we are talking about, and we usually stand pen to pen with most of the other local drama carps on these. Practically every theatrical observer in New York said that *Ab, Wilderness!* was a good show, so Mr. and Mrs. Cress will just have to take it and quit whining to my Aunt Irma. I have half a hunch that they have it in for Aunt Irma, anyway, and were quite glad to be able to go back

to Muncie and tell Aunt Irma that I don't know my Broadway bermudas.

When I used to be a layman theatre-goer, I made it a rule not to go to a show unless I had heard 12 people praise it. The next time that Mr. and Mrs. Cress come to New York I suggest that they get 11 other votes in addition to mine. Or perhaps they ought to read George Jean Nathan and stay away from all shows. But I believe even the automatically negative Mr. Nathan liked *Ab, Wilderness!* Why, he even liked *Richard of Bordeaux*. Mr. and Mrs. Cress should have seen that! (Probable letter from Mr. and Mrs. Cress: "We did, and liked it thoroughly.")

The Milky Way

MY only objection to good goofy shows like *The Milky Way* is that there is invariably a big guy right behind me, probably a Yale right-tackle of 1922, who laughs my head off, and with much too precise periodicity. The laughs are put into the show at exact half-minute intervals, and this bird behind me is the average consumer for whom they were put there, and he laughs at exactly half-minute intervals, and the rhythm of it eventually gets irksome, and I soon begin to suspect that my noisy friend has laugh trouble rather than discrimination. My clinical observation of these laughing guinea pigs interferes somewhat with my function as a student of the drayma.

With that complaint registered, I shall now busy myself to laud *The Milky Way* to the milky way. It is pure essence of dementia, and even if it

(Continued on page 46)



In *Invitation to a Murder*, one of those typical melodrama families sits around hating each other.

Haig & Haig
has just that extra touch of quality
which makes all the difference



Superlatively Fine — The World's Verdict

Haig & Haig

SCOTS WHISKY



Haig & Haig whisky is sealed,
for your protection, by the cap with
the little lever; the one patented cap that is
secure from imitation.

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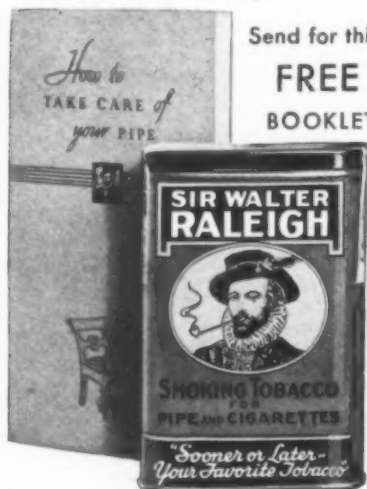
"I PREFER THE
MOSQUITOES,
DEAR!"



HE lit that pipe to drive away the gnats. But the sweet young thing wisely decided she'd rather be somewhat bitten than completely asphyxiated. Even a Roman's nose would wrinkle at the fumes of rank tobacco issuing from that long neglected smokestack.

Clean it out, Romeo; put Sir Walter Raleigh Smoking tobacco in the bowl—and slip your arm around those slim shoulders. You'll fill the air with a June-like aroma that positively encourages romance. Sir Walter is a gentlemanly mixture of Kentucky Burleys selected for their mildness, blended for their fragrance. Kept fresh in gold foil, it has captured the fancy of smokers young and old. It will win you, too!

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation
Louisville, Kentucky. Dept. O-47



It's 15¢—AND IT'S MILDER

QUEERESPONDENCE

Conducted by Professor Gurney Williams



DEAR Prof: Why is it that trouser cuffs are never cleaned by dry cleaners?
—Edward G. Ekdahl,
459 Morris Ave., Rockville Centre,
N. Y.

Dear Ed: I'll probably be severely reprimanded by the dry cleaning industry for exposing one of their most zealously-guarded secrets but I think it's time the public knew the TRUTH. So here goes.

When cuffs for trousers were invented, many years ago, the dry cleaners bitterly opposed the idea on the grounds that it added to their labors. They already had their hands full, they said, ridding the suit pockets of old theatre ticket stubs and stuff and they weren't going to be responsible for any other rubbish. Besides, they maintained that trouser cuffs were "fiddle faddle" and wouldn't "take."

The Anti-Cuff war raged for two years between the cleaners and the clothes designers (with the exception of the Tuxedo and Morning Clothes people who never did go in for cuffs), and people even made bets on the outcome of the fight. (The designers, by placing their bets "on the cuff", coined an expression that you've no doubt heard tell of.) Needless to say the designers won, and the dry cleaners were so chagrined at their failure that they

drew up a set of cleaning rules that have been followed ever since. No. 6 is the only one with which we are at the moment concerned.

"6. When cleaning men's trousers, search cuffs for stray dimes or other valuables but do not disturb match sticks, tobacco ashes, or *pflug*.* Any worker removing other than the designated foreign matter will be fined \$5.00 and costs."

**Pflug* is the woolly stuff that gathers in pockets, cuffs and under beds. See Queer-response, November, 1932.—Ed.

• •

Dear Prof: Has any one ever found a seaside resort or mountain lodge to be exactly as described in a vacation folder?—Alma Ellefson, 400 E. Meinecke Ave., Milwaukee, Wisc.

Dear Alma: You may not believe it, but Dr. Bernard Warren of New York City spent part of a vacation last summer in a Maine mountain resort that turned out to be exactly as described. This case has so many peculiar angles, though, that it's only fair to tell the story in full.

Some of Dr. Warren's patients got together last June, wrote north for a litter of literature, and finally decided to send the doctor to Lake Mauchunkaloosamuk, Maine, as their guest for two weeks. Unfortunately, three days

(Continued on page 36)



"This is the sun deck."



WHEN GENTLEMEN AGREE

To bind a bargain with a friendly glass is an age-old gesture of good fellowship. To fill the glass with BUDWEISER is to choose what generations of good fellows, with an eye toward the best in life, have regarded as the very finest incentive to companionship and well-being. BUDWEISER has made such an outstanding contribution to

good living that no other brew ever has matched its record — the biggest-selling bottled beer in history. Order by the case for your home.

Budweiser

KING OF BOTTLED BEER



ANHEUSER - BUSCH

• SAINT LOUIS



Smart America
is Serving the

Bénédictine Cocktail

Delectable and distinctive. 1/4 Lemon Juice,
1/4 Bénédictine, 1/4 Jules Robin Brandy.

For 400 years there has been only one
Veritable Bénédictine—D. O. M.—
"La Grande Liqueur Française." Bottled
in France.



JULIUS WILE
SONS & CO., INC.
New York
Sole U. S. Agents

Lorely

Briarcliff

—THE
VACATION IDEAL

BRIARCLIFF LODGE—a magic name to the vacation-bound—a Continental manor in the green wooded heights above the Hudson—luxurious comfort anticipating every wish—days of glowing health in sport—riding, golf, tennis, swimming—cocktails in the famous Dutch Tap Room—Here, just 50 minutes from New York is the ideal hospitality, the glorious enjoyment you have dreamed for a vacation. Write for booklet or telephone Briarcliff 1640.

American Plan from \$7
a day for one person.

Briarcliff Lodge
HOTEL

Briarcliff Manor

Westchester County

New York

Carl Willmsen, Manager

THE MOVIES

As Seen by Harry Evans



THIS reporter is not one of those lovely characters who are moved to "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" by the mere sight of a tiny tot on the stage or screen. I must also confess, shamefacedly, that I quickly turn over any page of a magazine or newspaper which carries a department headed, "Bright Sayings of Children," and the only manner in which the average juvenile radio performer moves me is to turn the dial. It goes even farther than that. As a child I often appeared before the public in my home town of St. Augustine, Florida, and my feat of having recited "The Night Before Christmas" ten times in one term (twice during the summer, mind you) still stands as an all-time record of the sixth grade. But despite the fact that my gift as an elocutionist appeared to transcend time and season—despite the enthusiasm of my family and friends, and the excellent notices I received in the *Evening Record*—I always had a sneaking feeling, deep down in my heart of hearts, that my rendition of "The Night Before Christmas" was pretty damn boring.

This baring of the soul is to make one point clear. I am not a sucker for cinema kiddies. But . . .

Little Miss Marker

LAST month this department mentioned the performance of Shirley Temple in *Stand Up and Cheer*. The promise she gave in that film has been fulfilled in *Little Miss*

Marker. It is a racetrack story, written by Damon Runyon, who authored *Lady for a Day*. Mr. Runyon is one of those rare birds who can build sentimental climaxes with such a light touch that you don't realize he is doing things to you. Then, when that mist starts gathering in your eyes (and don't worry, it will if you see this picture), you feel as if you had pulled out the tremolo stop all by yourself.

Shirley Temple's performance is one of the things you cannot afford to miss because it captures a rare and fleeting impression of childhood. Rare because so few children can bring the charm of four-year-olds to the screen without affectation. Fleeting because no child—not even a Shirley Temple—can continue to project this charm on demand.

The only fault to be found with the film is the usual movie shortcoming—lack of taste. It was entirely unnecessary to make Shirley say "Scram" and "Aw, nuts." Unfortunately, screen producers still believe in "anything for a laugh"—not seeming to realize that what gives two people a cheap laugh offends the other eight.

Where Sinners Meet

SOMETHING nice should be said about *Where Sinners Meet*, and I kept repeating this to myself during the picture. But instead of concentrating on the clever lines and workmanlike performances as a critic should, I found myself wondering about Hollywood and saying, "Well, well. What next?" And it was all due to the title of the film . . .

As a Broadway play, this piece was



"I wish he'd stop dreaming about that new bathtub!"

called *Dover Road*. It concerns an eccentric gentleman who lives on the Dover Road. It seems that all lovers who elope from England must take the Dover Road. This gentleman makes it his business to stop these couples, force them to spend a few days in his home, present them to each other at their worst, and thereby show them the error of their elopement, if any. So *Dover Road* seems a fair enough title. But Hollywood does not believe in original titles; in fact, there must be a great many people in Hollywood who make their living thinking up new titles. This is done, so I am told, because Hollywood knows what the public wants, and what the public wants is a title that is "box-office."

Where Sinners Meet is one of those English comedies with a British cast done as only an American producer can do an English comedy with a British cast. (A British cast is a collection of English and American players, all so diction-conscious that the dialog is spoken too correctly for words.)

The players are Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Reginald Owen, Alan Mowbray and Gilbert Emery. The film is a bit spotty but good fun.

Sadie McKee

AFTER attending a picture show I often hang around the lobby and listen to the comments of the customers as they drift out. Following a showing of *Sadie McKee* I was kibitzing about when I overheard an argument between two gals. The first one said, "Well, I still don't see why you liked that picture. The acting wasn't much except for that drunk, and there certainly wasn't anything to the story."

"Yeah, I know," her friend replied. "But I like things like that, because they might happen to any girl."

Maybe the lady was right. Maybe *Sadie McKee* is the sort of thing that might happen to any girl. I hope not. Sadie has three love affairs. The first is with a petty thief (Gene Raymond). She runs away to New York with him, and he deserts her for the first floozie he meets. The second is with a man-about-town (Edward Arnold) who is very rich and very drunk. She marries him, reforms him, then leaves him to return to her first love, who dies of tuberculosis. This leaves Sadie and the story in a hell of a mess, because it is now quite obvious that she must marry the third man in her life (Franchot Tone), a gent whose smug self-as-

(Continued on page 39)



What? Holding my cigarette wrong?

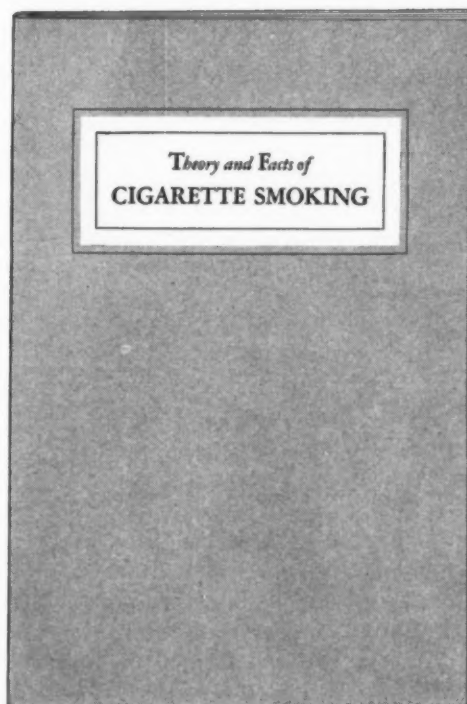


Does smoking steady or stimulate?



What has lighting a cigarette to do with teeth stains?

THIS BOOK answers your questions about cigarette smoking!



The odds are greater than ten to one that you don't know how to light a cigarette, no matter how long you've been smoking! It's even more unlikely that you hold your cigarette correctly! These, and dozens of other equally amazing facts, have been uncovered in a scientific investigation of cigarette smoking.

Probably you'll be surprised to learn that nicotine is not the dread demon it's popularly supposed to be. And you'll be delighted to discover how to smoke cigarettes with a minimum of objectionable effects.

For that's the purpose of this new book...to help you get more genuine, harmless pleasure out of smoking. Written after years of research and based on university tests, it tells you how to judge popular brands of cigarettes for mildness. It reveals the secret of lighting and holding

any cigarette to reduce its tongue-bite, its staining effect on your teeth.

Mail the coupon now for your copy of "Theory and Facts of Cigarette Smoking." Send only 10c to pay cost of wrapping, addressing, and mailing. No matter whether you're an incessant smoker, or a "once-in-a-while" puffer, this book will point the way to greater enjoyment.

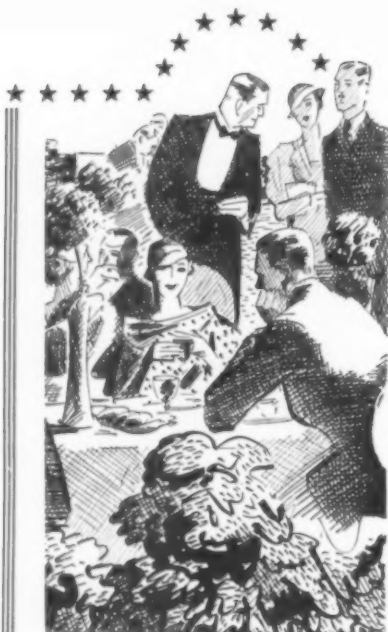
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Please send me a copy of "Theory and Facts of Cigarette Smoking."
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everybody praises
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DANCING AT DINNER & SUPPER IN THE EXOTIC "CASINO-IN-THE-AIR" HIGH ABOVE THE SIDEWALKS OF NEW YORK

• 800 Outside Rooms
with Bath, Shower, Radio
Single \$2.50 Double \$3.50

• **HOTEL
MONTCLAIR**

LEXINGTON AVENUE
49th to 50th Sts., N. Y. C.

QUEERESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 32)

before Dr. Warren left for Maine, the manager of the Mauchunkaloosamuk Inn sent him a folder describing the resort; I say unfortunately because just previous to this time the printers had had an argument with the manager of the Inn and had slipped some phony folders into the last batch printed. As a result of this skulduggery the folder Dr. Warren received described Lake Mauchunkaloosamuk as being "infested with insects of all descriptions, hot as hell (or rainy) all the time, and scarcely fit for human habitation." The Mauchunkaloosamuk Inn, furthermore, was described as a ramshackle firetrap with no running water and atrocious meals. Quoting again: "There are no golf courses or tennis courts, swimming is out of the question, the only saddle horse is perpetually tired after pulling the milk wagon from 4 a.m. to noon, and there's never enough breeze at any time to blow a child's balloon off the weedy verandah (as if any child would ever stay here)."

This plunged Dr. Warren into a

quandary but rather than disappoint his generous friends he went to Lake Mauchunkaloosamuk, found it to be exactly as described, and spent the balance of his vacation in Atlantic City, N. J. Being a dentist, though, he was able to get even with the patients responsible for the fiasco.

• • •

DEAR Prof: Has any woman ever been known to remove the lid from a fruit jar without calling upon her husband for assistance?—Homer Phillips, 920 N. Denny St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Homer: There is one isolated case on record but it took four assistants and myself a whole morning to dig it out of the files. (The paper had fallen down behind the drawer and we had to dismantle the whole filing cabinet to get at it. We also found an old pair of rubbers I lost two years ago. No wonder I've been having so many colds.)



"I want the kind of pet that can, as you might say, button its own pants."

This woman who can remove lids from fruit jars unaided is from Houston, Texas, and doesn't want her real name published. "I've never had any trouble with fruit jars," she said in an interview last year. "I just use my two hands and a little common sense. I'm always getting into jams; I love them. My friends keep bringing me jam jars with the lids clamped on extra tight, for a joke. 'Come on,' they laugh, 'don't be stingy. Give us some jam!' So I take off the lid with the greatest of ease and give them the raspberry. No, I've never called on my husband for aid—that twerp couldn't take the cap out of a milk bottle with an ice pick."

Known professionally as Benda Crowbar this unusual person is at present touring the country as the strong woman in a well-known sideshow.

FINAL report of the P.I.N.S. (Pins In New Shirts) campaign. Letters of protest against P.I.N.S. from several hundred cooperating Queerrespondents were forwarded, as promised, to a well-known shirt manufacturer, with a request for a statement regarding the possibility of eliminating the P.I.N.S. evil. I quote the reply in part (and this letter is no fake): "I would appreciate it very much if you would excuse me from responding to your campaign. . . . You know, this pin situation is a fairly serious one among manufacturers, and my name attached to such an article might be misconstrued all around . . ." We've got 'em worried, men!

RESUMING the list of questions that can never be used in this department because of hundreds of duplications:

HAS ANY ONE EVER—

10.—Understood what the newsboy's "EXTRY!" was about without buying a paper?

11.—Dropped a piece of buttered bread that landed butter-side up?

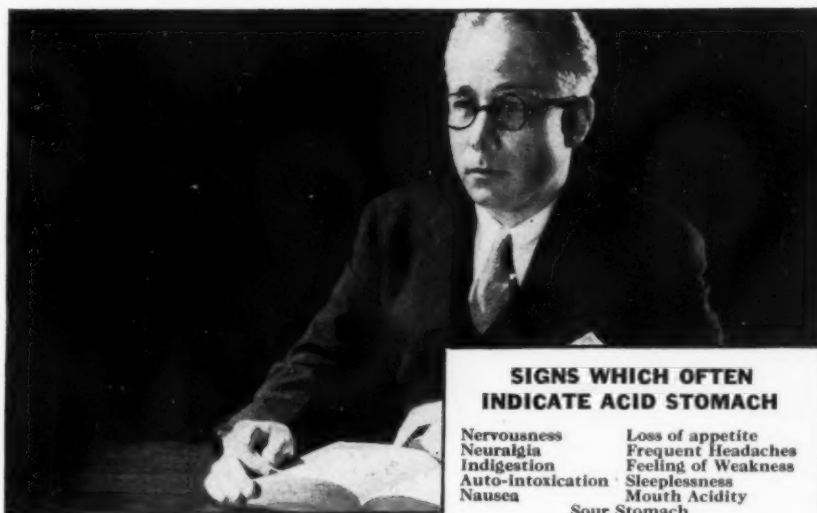
12.—Examined a new or second-hand car without kicking the tires?

13.—Lived through a hot summer day without saying "Is it hot enough for you?"?

THIS department pays \$5 for each question accepted for answer. There are no rules—no time limit—all you have to do is write your questions on a postcard or sheet of paper and send them—as many as you like—to Prof. G. Williams, LIFE, 60 East 42nd St., New York City.

What You May Think is a *Serious Disorder*

Many Times is Merely "Acid Stomach"
—Now Easily Correctable This Simple Way



SIGNS WHICH OFTEN INDICATE ACID STOMACH

Nervousness	Loss of appetite
Neuralgia	Frequent Headaches
Indigestion	Feeling of Weakness
Auto-intoxication	Sleeplessness
Nausea	Mouth Acidity
	Sour Stomach

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

Try It—You Will Be Amazed

Try this and, chances are, it will make a great difference in your life. For this small dosage of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia acts to neutralize the stomach acids that cause your distress.

After-meal pains and discomfort go. You feel freedom from dull headaches. That "afternoon fag"—you think is depletion or "nerves" disappears. You feel like another person. Everywhere people are doing this. Everywhere doctors are advocating it.

Get REAL Phillips'

When you buy, be sure to get the REAL article—Genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. Always ask for it by the name PHILLIPS'—for all "milk of magnesia" is not alike. So take care to see that you get Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia—the kind doctors endorse—judged the most reliable neutralizer of stomach acids known.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets are now on sale at drug stores everywhere. Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.



PHILLIPS'
MILK OF MAGNESIA



LIFE'S SUMMER CAMPS

—Are YOUR Camps

*"The bees in the clover will hum this refrain,
Winter is over and camp starts again.
We'll talk of sweet memories so fond and
so dear,
When we come back to LIFE Camp next
year!"*

SO sang a hundred LIFE campers around their camp fire on the 31st of August, last year. And as they sang they relived the happy times that had been theirs for two weeks:

The baseball and volley ball games that had made the sports field such a thrilling place—

The hours on hot afternoons, spent in the swimming pool—

The overnight camping trips, when they cooked their own suppers and slept under the stars—

The fun of making pottery and masks; learning new dance steps; act-

ing out plays; and, above all, the joy of creeping between clean, cool sheets to hear taps fade away over the hills and watch the moon come over the pines.

All these things and many more did these hundred children see in the firelight as they sang, on their last night of camp, of the year to come.

THEY weighed a good deal more, those hundred, than when they had arrived. They were browner of hands, pinker of cheeks and *much* brighter of eyes. But they were taking back with them something more than physical improvement. The boys had learned from their Indian games to honor truth and courage; from their building of bridges and huts

they had learned something of craftsmanship. In many, ambition had stirred when they found that hard work was really rewarded. One boy writes: "The responsibility of being a tribe leader has made me think more of the future. I realize now what school means to me. It means everything in life."

The girls had learned gentleness through watching the youngest children respond to the counselors' treatment; they had learned the joy of friendship; and through music and song, hills and sky, and camp fires, they had been awakened to a love of beauty that will make their whole lives more lovely through its perception.

Who gave these New York tenement children their chance? YOU. You, as a LIFE reader and contributor to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, enabled these children to spend perhaps the happiest two weeks of their lives in the country. For most of them, it was a new and unforgettable experience.

Now, again, we need your help. Already they are singing, in the city streets, that "winter is over and camp starts again." May they go back? Will you contribute to this worthwhile project—Charity That Really Builds?

FIFTEEN dollars will send one boy or girl to camp for two weeks—not merely two weeks of play but of constructive recreation, including woodcraft, swimming, and citizenship.

Will you help? Please. . . .

Make your check payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund and mail it—today—to 60 East 42nd St., New York City.

For Your Information

LIFE's Summer Camps (one for boys at Pottersville, N. J., and one for girls at Branchville, Conn.) are supported entirely by voluntary contributions. The Fund has been in operation for the past 47 years, in which time it has expended almost \$680,000.00, providing more than 56,000 country vacations for poor city children.

Fifteen dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday. Contributions of any amount are welcome. If you cannot provide for one child, send in what you can afford. Your contribution will be added to by others and some child will be the beneficiary.

Contributions should be made payable to LIFE's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 60 East 42nd St., New York City. They will be acknowledged in LIFE later on, and also by mail immediately if the sender's address is given.



Scenes near the boys' camp at Pottersville, and girls' camp at Branchville.



THE MOVIES

(Continued from page 35)

insurance and stilted moralizing have marked him as a pretty unpleasant person. (Mr. Tone has never been presented to worse advantage.) And there's your story. Maybe it could happen to any girl, and maybe a great many movie fans will find it hot stuff. To me it appears to be a routine Cinderella story with a happy ending dragged in by the ears. And about this ending:

There is one thing the movies never seem to learn. They can't make a character do annoying, disagreeable things all evening, then allow him to be charming in the last reel, and expect the audience to accept the change.

The direction and the performance in *Sadie McKee* deserve a hand. Edward Arnold's characterization of Joan's alcoholic husband is especially fine, and Gene Raymond does surprisingly well in a role that requires crooning. The duty he features is *All I Do Is Dream of You*. No doubt you've been hearing it a lot.

It is a pleasure to report that Miss Crawford is using less makeup on her mouth. Her next step should be to speak quietly but firmly to her dressmaker, Mr. Adrian, and tell him to stop being gu-rand. If he will take a good look at Joan in that simple servant's outfit she wears in her first scenes, he will realize that the gadgets and frills with which he usually garnishes her duds are no help at all.

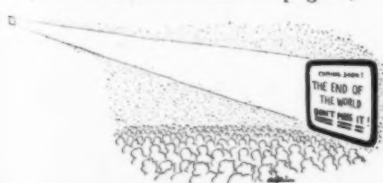
Stingaree

A BIT of dialog from *Stingaree* is worth repeating. Mary Boland, who is simply delightful in one of her rattle-brained characterizations, is making a dramatic and sweeping statement concerning the British Empire.

"There is one thing we must always remember," she says, in effect, to Conway Tearle, who is listening with patient politeness. "Women play a vital part in the building of a nation. Or as one great writer said, 'The strength of an empire depends on the virginity of its women.'"

"The word, madam," Mr. Tearle replies gently, "is 'chastity.' With virginity there could be no empire."

(For other comments see page 4)



WE'RE BEHIND THE 8 BALL

if this offer fails



You CAN'T lose—so try 15 shaves with this 25¢ cream—then see if you go back to more expensive kinds

Maybe you've heard those advertising and sales fellows say, "Things aren't like they used to be—it's hard to get folks interested in new products now."

Well, that emphatically is NOT our experience. From the day our chemists developed Listerine Shaving Cream, we have offered it in plain, honest ads that volunteered to send enough for 15 days' free shaving to any man who would write.

No "ballyhoo," no promises to make a dull razor seem sharp. Just 15 free shaves from which YOU could judge the way our cream lathers in hot water or cold, the way the lather holds up, the cooled feeling of your skin after the shave.

On that frank and open offer, we have built what we think is the sweetest shaving cream business in the country. Not because ours is NOW the biggest seller, but because of the amazing way sales are growing.

Of course, our 25¢ price—a dime less than most brands—means a lot these days. Yet it is the unusual quality of the cream as much as the big tube (104 shaves) for 25¢ that is bringing us customers. You'll see when you try Listerine Shaving Cream.

So make us prove our case. Just fill in your name and address, clip and mail the coupon. Or a postcard will do—and that cuts YOUR risk as near to zero as possible!

LISTERINE SHAVING CREAM
25¢

15 SHAVES FREE

Clip the coupon below



Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. L-7-S, St. Louis, Mo.

Gentlemen: Below is my name and address. Please send me, free and postpaid, your sample 15-shave tube of Listerine Shaving Cream.

Name _____ Street _____

City _____ State _____

NOISE AND JOYS

By CARTER MACHER



SO—typical of those who have tried Ex-Lax! They'll take nothing else.

Ex-Lax is the *pleasant* way to take a laxative. No spoons! No bottles! No nasty-tasting medicines!

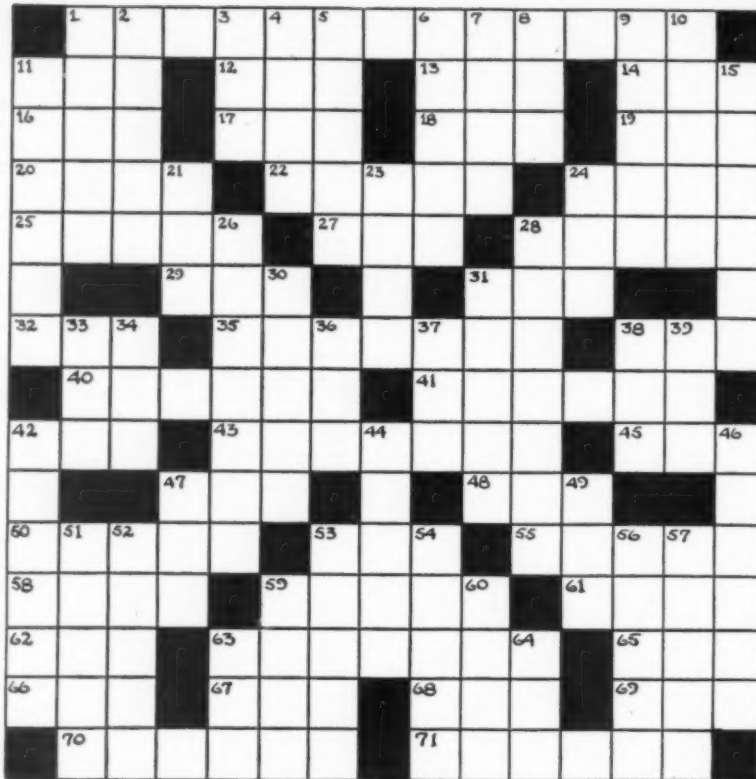
Taking Ex-Lax is just like eating a piece of delicious chocolate! And it will do everything that bitter, violent laxatives will do—and do it better!

At all drug stores, 10c and 25c.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



HORIZONTAL

1. Campus wise guys.
11. What they serve at some New York teas.
12. Given to monkey business.
13. A blue bird frequently shot at.
14. This fish often gets all balled up.
16. Announcements made in public.
17. This won't stand for anything.
18. What to expect from a gusher.
19. The first deposit.
20. Foot pads.
22. Mist in the air.
24. This will worry you.
25. Supplicate.
27. Pay day.
28. What to do after washing.
29. A loving act (slang).
31. A marsh.
32. This is going to spoil everything.
35. These are something to chew on.
38. Possessive thing.
40. The color of age.
41. A lump in the throat.
42. What every young girl should know.
43. Among the upper classes.
45. Big Em's half-brothers.
47. You can't say no to this.
48. What Lincoln always did at meals.
50. These keep people off the streets.
53. Certain of success.
55. This vote doesn't really count.
58. Slap.
59. Swinging once more since Repeal.
61. Not a sensible state at all.
62. Something most travelers put up with.
63. Dress clothes.
65. How to get a living free.
66. A dry favored by the wets.
67. One of the dumbest brutes.
68. A long braid.
69. The only thing, after all.
70. The rank element in higher education.
71. Sets up.

VERTICAL

1. Foot gear.
2. Responsible for much waste.
3. Proscribe.
4. The grand thing in poetry.
5. The Children of William Tell.
6. Always used to beat the Russians.
7. Completely parched.
8. Front part of the palate.
9. A little nut.

10. Bruises.
11. Monkey.
15. Restrains.
21. The first spring flower.
23. A breakfast standard.
24. There's something fishy about this.
26. Rather formal deaths.
28. Opposes.
30. Peculiar sounds for instruments.
31. All the vegetables.
33. Swank opening.
34. What swimmers automatically do.
36. Got along pretty fast.
37. Pretty personal stuff.
38. Maddening.
39. Decade.
42. What they call your wife.
44. Peculiar language.
46. A lot gone to waste.
47. This remains completely still.
49. And the rest.
51. Possessed.
52. Hospital cut-up.
53. Standard type of charger.
54. Vestige.
56. A mechanical worker.
57. So be its.
59. An administration.
60. A slight action.
63. At some length.
64. What a blind horse can't do.

JUNE SOLUTION

R	I	D	S	P	O	R	T	S	L	A	M	B
E	V	A	N	O	D	A	T	T	I	C	A	
G	A	R	L	A	N	D	B	R	O	T	H	E
I	N	T	A	K	E	S	L	A	P	I	N	K
O	W	E	W	E	E	P	N	E	T			
N	O	W	S	T	A	R	T	R	A	V	E	S
S	P	A	R	E	L	F	D	I	V	E	R	T
A	N	I	M	A	L	B	A	S	E			
C	L	E	V	E	R	B	I	T	E	C	A	R
O	S	E	T	C	O	D	E	W	O	R	K	
N	R	E	G	A	L	S	C	E	N	T	S	
C	O	O	R	A	T	E	S	C	A	T		
E	D	G	E	S	T	R	A	W	P	E	A	L
R	O	L	L	L	O	G	E	O	N	C	E	
T	R	E	M	B	L	E	S	T	U	N	T	E



Sunday mornings are becoming civilized again. Particularly when you start them off with milk punch. A glass of milk, a tablespoon of sugar, one fresh egg, and a jigger of Jamaica Estates Rum, shaken with cracked ice and served in a highball glass with grated nutmeg, will both nourish and revive you, regardless of how you spent your Saturday night.



If golf comes next on your schedule, so much the better for your game. Fine Jamaica Rum has long been reputed for its quality of staying with you. It won't let you down all of a sudden on the 16th green—or anywhere else for that matter. Back at the "19th hole," you will find a Planters' Punch in order. It's a refreshing, long drink—easy to make, and easier to take. It is made on the old 1, 2, 3, 4 principle. One part lime juice, 2 sugar, 3 Jamaica Estates Rum, 4 parts fizz water. Served in a tall glass with chipped ice and decorated with fruits (sometimes).



Your routine may include a swim before lunch. To keep you cool after the swim, try a Planter's Cocktail. One part lime juice, one part sugar, four parts Jamaica Estates Rum. Shake with chipped ice.



For an afternoon on the Sound, you will find Jamaica Estates Rum a virtual necessity. If a chill breeze blows up, you will find that a slug of clean, fragrant Jamaica Rum (neat!) goes right to the spot. You will like the quick pick-up of Jamaica Estates. The body rapidly absorbs products of cane sugar.



CONTENTS NOTED

By Kyle Crichton



IN Pennsylvania during hunting season the gentlemen with fowling pieces and blunderbusses are so distinctively marked with red caps, numbers, tail lights and neon signs that a chipmunk, eager for Hearst publicity, would be in no danger of nipping an honest farmer by mistake. I mention this because book reviewing in the metropolitan area seems to be in such a family way that a little plain marking to the effect that the reviewer is now considering Cousin Emma's book of poems would give the reader as much of an even break as he ever gets from a book reviewer. In the good days of the Algonquin rumors were current that anybody who came in and bought a ham sandwich from Brother Case, the proprietor, was automatically a genius and would be considered such by his peers at the round table. This can no longer be true because the Algonquin is crowded with literary agents, office girls spending their week's lunch allowance in one grand hope of seeing Margalo Gillmore and movie scouts who could not be considered geniuses because of the law in New York State that a genius must be able to read and write. What is increasingly evident, however, is that there is a personal tie-up between author and reviewer far too often for comfort. I don't think this is as wicked as it sounds but in the interest of fair play it might be well to give the general reader the opportunity of knowing just how far he should list to the leeward to counteract the swooning which is going on to windward. A footnote would do it:

The reviewer wishes to state that he has known Miss Zwillinwinch for upward of twenty years, dating to those days when they attended Sunday School together at the First M. E. in Terre Haute, Ind. Their families have long been close friends. The reviewer and Miss Zwillinwinch have also been married for seven years.

THIS is preliminary to stating that the books I am reviewing this month are by people I know more or less well. In every case I start out by being prejudiced in their favor. If I end by disliking the book, I also end by losing a friend but New York is a



The Theory of Making Punch

To our forebears the making of a punch—they called it "building a punch"—was an important operation not to be delegated to menials, servitors or even relatives. There was more routine and theory to the process than a Kentucky Colonel (old style) followed in making a mint julep. And—it might be well to add—there was less dispute over methods.

Basic procedure was to put in the spirits last of all in a cold punch—first in a hot punch. When fizz water was used, it was the final ingredient.

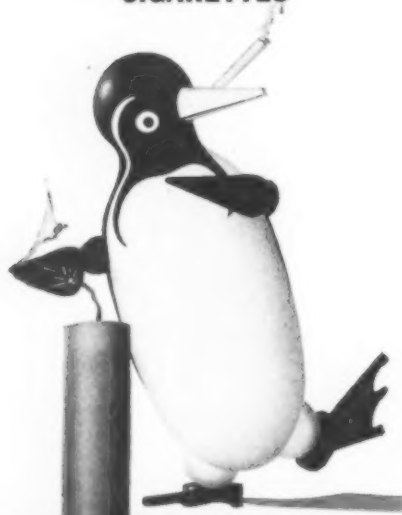
Another basic principle was to allow cold punch to stand several hours before serving so that all parts might bind together. Fresh fruits were soaked in the Jamaica Rum for several hours before these were added to the tea, sugar, lemon oil, wine, brandy or other ingredients.

Jamaica Estates
FINE OLD RUM

Jamaica Estates Rum is aged in the wood seven years in Jamaica Government warehouses. Like fine whisky, it is made in pot stills. It is distilled by Edwin Charley, exclusively for Park, Benziger & Co., West India Merchants since 1855.

KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED
CIGARETTES



SOMETHING TO CELEBRATE

When will you, too, sign this declaration of smoking comfort? "Down with cigarettes that dry our throats. We want a refreshingsmoke. We want Kools".... (signed) "A nation of contented Kool smokers." KOOLS are mentholated, mildly. The smoke is cooler, but the fine tobacco flavor is fully preserved. Cork tips protect lips. Finally, FREE coupons packed with KOOLS bring gilt-edged Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards and other merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for illustrated list.

FREE HANDSOME GIFTS...



Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

big place and you are always running into new people.

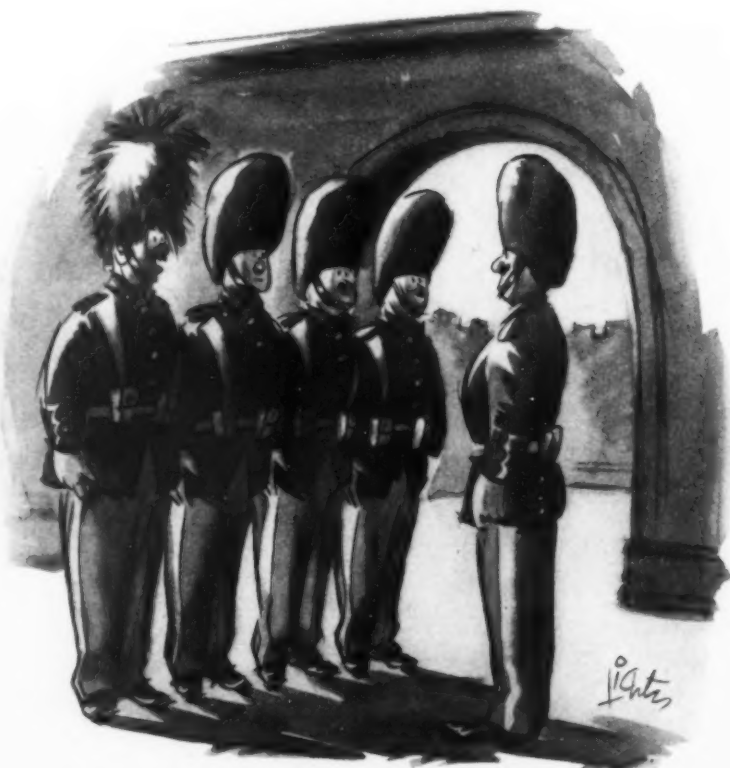
The Unpossessed

AT the moment the town's sensation is *The Unpossessed* (Simon & Schuster) by Tess Slesinger, who is a nice girl. She has written at least two extraordinary short stories and is unquestionably a person of great talent but *The Unpossessed* seems to me to be overwritten and pretentious and a bad novel. Those are harsh words and particularly so when the rest of the critical gentlemen, with several exceptions, are finding it scintillating and miraculous. It seeks to do for the American intellectuals, the lost generation, what Aldous Huxley did in *Point Counter Point* but it succeeds only in being so overly brilliant as to be boring. Anybody who wants to annihilate the intellectuals has my blessing but treating neurotic people in a neurotic style is not the way to do it. Before you can be contemplative about a situation you must be outside the situation yourself and Miss Slesinger is obviously wound up in it to such an extent that it threatens to strangle her.

Our Daily Bread

GOSTA LARSON'S *Our Daily Bread* (Vanguard) is a different sort of book. Larson himself is a young Swede who has been

in this country long enough to learn to write English and to learn that it is easy to starve in Brooklyn. A year ago he was at the end of his rope. He had been a sailor, a longshoreman and a model, and there was no work in those lines for him. For several years he had been trying to write about his old home in Sweden, his life in South Africa, his experiences in America, but he had no success. When he reached the point where he was without food for days and was faced with eviction for being six months in arrears in his rent, he brought a few of his stories to a magazine editor who had helped him before and asked for assistance. The stories were unpublishable as they stood but they showed promise and the editor sent him down to James Henle of Vanguard Press with a letter of recommendation. Henle offered to back Larson while he wrote a book and *Our Daily Bread* is the book. It is an amazing piece of work, a warm, beautiful story of a poor Swedish family who, with all their honesty and hard labor, are unable to keep their end up. I suppose it could be called the Swedish *Little Man, What Now?* but to me it seems even more important. It has humor and fine understanding and the characters have nothing of the half-wittedness which distinguished the hero of the Fallada story. If they go down it is not because they are so simple-



"I just washed it, Cap'n, and I can't do a thing with it."



Your Cavalier Days this Summer will be delightfully overcrowded

A new Pleasure Code with longer hours is needed at the Hotel Cavalier and Beach Club. * For how can you enjoy everything that this magnificent hotel offers, within a mere 24 hours per day? * So soothing is the lullaby of the rumbling surf, that you're almost sure to sleep overtime. So tempting are the breakfast menus that you'll get a late start on your day's schedule. * The surf-bathing is so exhilarating that you're sure to be late for your round of golf. Two superb courses. * With picturesque bridle-trails inviting you to canter or trot, with the brilliant Cavalier Beach Club beckoning you in for tea and dinner dancing and entertainment by distinguished guest artists—where is your time left for the many other activities that make up a Cavalier day? * Congenial social atmosphere. Splendid cuisine. Moderate rates. Conveniently reached by motor, train and boat. * Write for illustrated booklet "L".

SIDNEY BANKS,
Managing
Director

HOTEL
Cavalier
And BEACH CLUB
VIRGINIA BEACH, VA.



mind they don't try to protect themselves. I recommend the book to you. The end is a bit hazy and inconclusive but everything else is true and right.

Iron, Blood and Profits

THIS leaves me only short space for two other books, the most important of which is George Seldes' *Iron, Blood and Profits* (Harper's). It is a picture of the machinations of the munition manufacturers who play us off against each other for the sake of their profits. It fits in nicely with the investigation of the American branches of the international armament ring which is to begin soon in Washington, and it may be a lesson for the super-patriots who find that what they are mouthing are the slogans put before them by gentlemen very much concerned with their dividends and little concerned whether they sell to America or Japan just so business keeps up. The fact that in the event of war Japan would kill American soldiers with American weapons is naturally of little moment to these people but there may come a time when it is resented by the young men being shot. Mr. Seldes, in his usual fashion, names names. It is interesting to note how often the gentlemen of the Navy League are also the owners of munitions stock. It is a great book, bristling with facts, and I don't know of anything more presentable as a gift for bellicose young men who are always so adept at pulling forth the chestnuts of the Zaharoffs and the Schneiders and Schwabs.

The Great One

HENRY HART'S *The Great One* (John Day) is a fictional account of the life of Boise Penrose and a disillusioning picture both of American politics and of the men who pass as our leaders. As a Philadelphian Mr. Hart couldn't help being fascinated by that Gargantuan figure who became increasingly fat and coarse with the years and yet was so powerfully brained and politically astute that even on his death bed the Republican convention which nominated Harding couldn't act without his advice. He started as a "friend of the people" and ended as the chief reactionary of a party which was openly pledged to the support of big business. Penrose was one of the important men of his time, a force far more potent than the Hardings and Coolidges he created and governed. Future historians please take note. (For briefer mention see "Stop and Go" Service, next page)



LITTLE POLLY FLINDERS
SAT AMONG THE CINDERS
SPOILING HER
PRETTY NEW CLOTHES . . .
BUT THAT
WAS ON THE WHOSIS.
NOW THE *Cand O*
SHE CHOOSES . . . AND
LOOKS FRESH AND LOVELY
EVERYWHERE SHE GOES



THE GEORGE WASHINGTON THE SPORTSMAN • THE F. F. V.

The Finest Fleet of Air-Conditioned
Trains in the World

Serving

Washington • Philadelphia • New York
Cincinnati • Lexington • Louisville
Chicago • Detroit • Toledo • Cleveland
St. Louis • Indianapolis • Columbus
Richmond • Norfolk • Newport News
White Sulphur Springs • Hot Springs

The ticket agent of any railroad can route you on the
Chesapeake and Ohio. Insist upon it!

CHESAPEAKE and OHIO



**IF ALL
Playwrights
SIGNED A CODE
THERE STILL
WOULD BE BUT
ONE Shakespeare**

Paris Garters—like famous men—achieved their leadership by consistent, distinguished performance. Not by mere compliance with a code. Buy under the Blue Eagle of course—but choose the best. Paris Garters are supreme for style, value, comfort. 25c to \$1

Paris Garters, Suspenders and Belts are a better buy today than ever! Guaranteed by A. Stein & Company

NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU



Try - Extra Long Stretch
PARIS
GARTERS
For Greater Comfort

LIFE'S SUMMER CAMPS

ARE OPEN

(See page 38)



SUNSHINE AND SEA

Spacious Sun Decks—Large sunny rooms—old-time hospitality—Delightful Comfort—Health Baths—Dancing—Golf—Far famed Restaurants—American and European Plan

The TRAYMORE
ATLANTIC CITY, N.J.
THE PRE-EMINENT HOTEL ACHIEVEMENT

"STOP & GO" SERVICE

(Continued from page 4)

The Black Cat (X) (Frankenstein Karloff, Dracula Lugosi)—Screen's two best known fiends in a goose-bump merger. There's a castle with sliding doors—corridors decorated with embalmed ladies—and a cult that stages human sacrifices. The theme song should be "Boo! Again!"

The Crime Doctor (X) (Otto Kruger, Karen Morley, Nils Asther)—One of those films about a "perfect crime," and far above the average detective yarn. Weaknesses in the legal aspects of the trial, and the addition of a sugar-coated epilog, are the elements that keep this one out of the green. Performances are excellent.

The Last Roundup (Randolph Scott, Barbara Fritchie, Monte Blue)—Taken from Zane Grey's *Border Legion*, this one should have stuck to its original title. Obviously changed to cash in on the tune of the same name. If you are as sick of that ditty as I am, it will probably keep you away. O. K. for Western fans, with Blue offering a stand-out performance.

Thirty-Day Princess (Sylvia Sydney, Cary Grant, Edward Arnold, Vince Barnett, Henry Stephenson)—Princess of European principality here on good-will tour (meaning her country wants to borrow some dough) is taken ill. Seeking a double to represent her, they find a down-and-out actress who takes the job. Amusing complications, including the romance with the newspaper publisher who thinks she is a princess. Miss Sylvia clicks in dual rôle, switching the accent on and off convincingly.

Three on a Honeymoon (Sally Eilers, Charles Starrett, ZaSu Pitts)—Character study in the Grand Hotel manner on an ocean liner. Miss Pitts occasionally lifts the piece bodily to first-class entertainment, but keeping it there is too much to expect of anybody.

20th Century (John Barrymore, Carole Lombard)—John is a stage producer, Carol his star. She quits him for the movies. He tries to win her back, with a routine that would make a first-class asylum seem like a university. See this film from the start. Don't walk in around the middle or you may think *you're* nuts. But be sure to see it. One of the best things Barrymore has ever done.

Unknown Blonde (Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier)—This one pretends to tell all about professional correspondents in the divorce racket. If you disregard the signal and go, don't expect too much from the blonde. She makes a single appearance, and has practically all of her clothes on.

BOOKS

Artists in Uniform by Max Eastman. In which the gentleman who has had so much freedom that it has

ruined his mind shows how Soviet artists are slaves. This will be news to the Moscow theatre, the greatest in the world, and to the opera and ballet, also greatest. The right uniform might not be bad for some of our authors who have the great freedom of writing trash.

Five Silver Daughters by Louis Golding. What happens to five Jewish girls who marry five varied gentlemen. Superb writing and a full picture of the life of our times seen through the careers of the husbands.

Indeed This Flesh by Grace Flandrau. The career of a self-made man who conquers a small slice of the Northwest and has it turn sour on him. We wish it were up to the standard of Mrs. Flandrau's short stories.

Maria Paluna by Blair Niles. New York critics did their best to ruin the faith of their readers by falling for this nonsense about Spanish Conquests and Spanish Conquerors.

Modern Art by Thomas Craven. Slashing criticism of the whole modern Art-for-Art-sake movement in painting, with particular thumps for Picasso and Matisse. Even the layman can understand art when it is done in this vigorous fashion.

Our Daily Bread by Gosta Larson. A beautiful, warming story of a Swedish family told by an American writer who has many of the qualities of the early Hamsun. Reviewed on page 42.

The Death Ship by B. Traven. The most mysterious of all authors (nobody knows who he is or where he is or what he looks like) has written a masterpiece about the sea. You never know whether he is dealing with facts or not but it is great stuff. Millions of copies have been sold in Germany and Russia.

The Great One by Henry Hart. The saga of Boise Penrose told in fiction form and showing him up in no slight measure. Things in Philly are gayer than we thought. Reviewed on preceding page.

The Unpossessed by Tess Slesinger. A bad novel by a girl who can write a fine one. Overwritten, pretentious story of New York intellectuals, who need a lamming but not in this strained fashion. Reviewed on page 42.

RADIO

Mostly About Comedy

[All schedules P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time]

Fred Allen. The Bedlam Newsreel ("Sees Nothing—Knows All") is swell, and his sketches are as funny as anything on the air. (Wed., 9:00, N.B.C.)

Gene and Glenn. Bet you never listened, but Gene's "Jake" and "Lena" are usually pretty entertain-

ing. Same stuff they used to pull over WTAM, Cleveland. Try it. (*Five nights a week, 7:15, N.B.C.*)

Jack Benny. Consistently funny stuff. (*Fri., 10:30, N.B.C.*)

Jack Pearl. Pearl needs a new gag man and a studio audience that won't laugh so long over things the radio audience can't see. (*Wed., 8:00, N.B.C.*)

Jimmy Durante. Jimmy is better on the stage, although he's a welcome change from Eddie Cantor. (*Sun., 8:00, N.B.C.*)

Joe Cook. Fast patter but Joe is funnier when you can see his outrageous uniforms and very goofy gadgets. (*Sat., 9:00, N.B.C.*)

Joe Penner. Everybody went cuckoo over Penner, so perhaps you'd better not take my word for it. (*Sun., 7:30, N.B.C.*)

Raymond Knight's Cuckoos. Has its ups and downs but a guy can't be funny *all* the time. (*Wed., 9:00, N.B.C.*)

Rudy Vallee. Rudy sponsors a great deal of new talent, and his program is usually well sprinkled with laughs. (*Thurs., 8:00, N.B.C.*)

—G. W.

RECORDS

As Long as I Live. Another in the priceless new series by Benny Goodman and a picked ensemble including Jack Teagarden. (*Columbia.*)

Christmas Night in Harlem. Paul Whiteman again presents the firm of Teagarden and Mercer to excellent advantage. Left wing stuff with plenty of the business. (*Victor.*)

Dallas and Limehouse Blues, in which the Casa Loma band further displays its musical virility in this revival of two oldies but goodies. Smash stuff. Must. (*Brunswick.*)

Easy Come, Easy Go. Seems to me they muffle the harmonics on this Duchin disk. Besides, Eddie ought to tone down that obstreperous piano player. (*Victor.*)

Ebony Rhapsody and three other *Murder At The Vanities* tunes presented with especial distinction by the Duke Ellington band. (*Victor.*)

I'm Dreamin' by Isham Jones. Eddie Stone, vocalist for the band, has sung many a fine chorus for Eyes. Here he has a good allowance of space on a fine tune, and acquits himself nobly. (*Victor.*)

Not Bad. An excellent presentation of Johnny Green's tune by the band he thinks the best of all—Ray Noble's. Worth it for the intro alone. (*Victor.*)

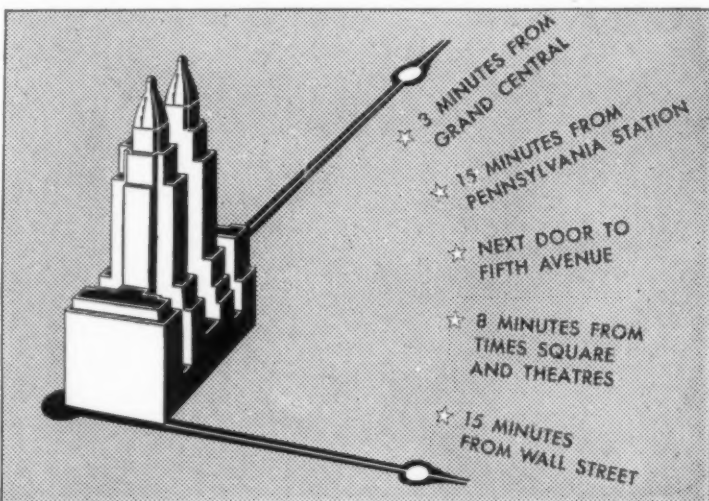
Once in a Blue Moon. Powerful, Whitemanesque interpretation by Ray Paige and orchestra, with occasional ill-advised woodblock splutters and a few flaws. (*Victor.*)

We're Out of the Red. Whiteman again presents his Park Avenue Boys and Ramona on another musicianly clip. (*Victor.*)

—J. A. T.

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L-7

THEATRE

(Continued from page 30)

weren't funny in its own name, Hugh O'Connell, that most brilliant sap the theatre has ever produced, would make it invincibly funny. As a dumb and somewhat effeminate milkman with specs (a Sagittarius baby, as he describes himself), who gets mistaken credit for knocking out a welterweight champion and is railroaded unwillingly into a prizefighting career, he is, as he himself might declare, impeccable. He, and Gladys George as the wise-cracking sweetie of the champ's manager, and Brian Donlevy as the champ, make this show a cyclone of cockeyed mirth. (Incidentally, it's funny how important the dames are around training quarters in movies and plays, whereas in real life they are probably as scarce as hens' teeth around such places. And incidentally, I'll bet the conversation in a fighter's camp is more of an interchange of dull grunts than the continuous explosion of firecrackery repartee that these fighter shows represent it to be.)

The Milky Way follows many good old formulae of prizefight play building, and may lack the authenticity of such old masterpieces as *Is Zat So?*, but it does possess a fresh, riotous quality all its own, and it enjoys the blessing of Hugh O'Connell's gentle and benign boobery.

Invitation to a Murder

HERE'S one I liked, but don't ask me for your money back, and don't go unless you have a streak of tabloid in you which responds to the hokum of good rip-snorting melodrama. I speak of *Invitation to a Murder*, in which we meet again that typical melodrama family sitting around reading a will and casting dirty looks and nasty cracks at each other. (I've always rather regretted that I wasn't born into one of these frank families where they call a cad a cad.)

Here again is the usual big terrace window at which we know we may expect shadowy figures to appear, here are trap doors and Maxim silencers and a couple of hypodermic syringes, and a butler who exudes cyanide from every pore. I'm not yet positive which side the butler was on, but he certainly *was* on one side or the other.

The tale is of a wealthy California woman, the last of many generations of a highborn family of native sons, who takes her position and her dough pretty seriously, and who, now, in a



I'm not certain which side the butler was on in *Invitation to a Murder*

desperate desire to learn who has been trying to poison her off, employs a doctor to slip her a Juliet sleeping potion so that she can play possum on her relatives and see who's glad she's dead. An adept author, a careful producer and a sincere cast, including Gale Sondergaard, Walter Abel and Humphrey Bogart, contrive to make it, at least, the best chiller since *Double Door*.

Come What May

HAL SKELLY clowned the earlier scenes of *Come What May*, and I knew from the start that I just wasn't going to be much interested in the eighty-year character sketch on which he was embarking. *Come What May* is one of those pain-oramas of a lifetime—a sort of American *Cavalcade*, to cop a phrase—and such efforts have to be awfully good to interest me—in fact, better than any I've ever seen. And one of the most insufferable child actors, whose career I've wanted to nip in the bud with a rifle shot or a ball bat, almost drove me home in early 1897. Towards the end, Mr. Skelly settled down to the plausibility of which he is at times so capable, but I can't ask my readers (Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Lafave of Cleveland, and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Mayer of Los Angeles) to stick around a couple of generations at *Come What May* as I did, merely to catch the three or four good scenes put on by Mr. Skelly and Mary Phillips and Granville Bates.

The Only Girl

IT is regrettable that Mr. Shubert couldn't have revived the Victor Herbert music of *The Only Girl* without reviving the book by Henry Blossom. The music revives with no effort at all, but the book has to be rolled over a barrel and injected with adrenalin references to Garbo, Constance Bennett and the War Debt, and

even then it still seems blue around the gills.

Mr. Robert Halliday has quite a pleasant singing voice, but he doesn't help to undate the comedy with his trick of singing his speaking lines in the old affected musical comedy manner of horsecar days, and of mugging each speech and delivering it straight out at the audience instead of to the person to whom he is talking.

I, Myself

IN *I, Myself*, a man comes back to his own funeral. He can see everybody, but nobody can see him. If you like parlor games of this sort, go to *I, Myself* if it is still among the living. I went the third night, and there was a huge photostat of Robert Garland's rave review of the piece out in front. That looked bad. And at the box office a lot of people were getting passes and putting down 40 cents. That looked bad, too. (I don't understand that racket.) I'm worried for the fate of *I, Myself*.

Inside, a pretty fine cast headed by Charles Trowbridge was doing this rather clammy play better than any author could ask. I was quite interested in the first act when Bill Trent was listening behind a high-back wing chair to what his wife and daughter really thought of him, and when Bill gave that outcast \$140 to shoot him so Bill's family could collect his \$50,000 life insurance. All of us policy-holders wonder now and then if that mightn't be a cute idea.

But when they turned on the metaphysics in the second act and Bill came back to his funeral with a fellow ghost, an old American Legion buddy, and they began to talk about the Great Commander, etc., I, for one, couldn't take it. Even if Eugene O'Neill had written it, I wouldn't have liked it. Especially not, in that case.

(For briefer mention, see page 4)



A man behind me at *The Milky Way*, completely out of control of himself.

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SUCH IS LIFE!

Letters

DEAR LIFE: Noticeing in Writers digest, that you are in the market for good humorous sketches, would like to say that i have applied for letters of copyright, on a sketch called Simon Brown, very funny, good for children, and grown ups.

Also i have a wonderful story a Childrens Cristamas story of my own never been published, can be made into a story book, or published in a weekly magazine, clean, not spooky, very original, not copyrighted yet.

Yours for business,

A. W. H., Jr.,
Halrthorpe, Md.

In the February issue we ran a piece by Hugh Troy who is probably America's greatest practical joker. Its title was "Purity" and was an imaginary interview with a fictitious Mr. Grimes, president of the non-existent Next-to-Godliness Cleaning Co., allegedly located at 98th St. and the East River. Mr. Troy quoted Mr. Grimes as saying they cleaned such things as bridges, elephants, cancellation marks from stamps, the letters in alphabet soup and other items shunned by ordinary cleaners.

Well, one of our New York readers, a Mr. L. O. Yeomans, took the article seriously and wrote to Mr. Grimes as follows: "Dear Mr. Grimes: Can't find you in the phone book. If the article is

bona fide and you can take mercurochrome stains out of a man's suit (material Tiffany Worsted) please advise the undersigned giving prices, etc."

The letter was returned marked "Not Found" and Mr. Yeomans was good natured enough to tell us about the whole thing. "Please open and read my note to Mr. Grimes," he wrote us, "and see what false hopes you raised. Gosh darn you fellows for a bunch of practical jokers."

Sorry, Mr. Yeomans! Try a pair of scissors on those stains.

Chatter

A GOLD Star to Sigmund Spaeth (The Tune Detective) for his ungrammatical popular song to end all ungrammatical popular songs: "If I Would of Knew What I Ought to of Knew, I Wouldn't of Did What I Done." . . . A Black Ball to radio gagmen who, hiding behind the skirts of the comedians themselves, steal ideas as fast as we can get them into print. . . . And here's another Time Waster for your edification and delight at parties. Have a friend hold a fountain pen about two feet in front of you. Now hold your hand over one eye, and try to put the top on the pen. Then try it with the other eye closed. Sounds easy but we haven't yet seen anybody succeed the first time.

—The Editors.



Richard Decker's idea of a self portrait. (Philip Decker, aged 10 months, shows what he thinks of one of the Old Man's drawings.)